Enigmaticall

CHARACTERS,

ALL

Taken to the *Life*,

from ſeverall

PERSONS, HUMOURS, & DISPOSITIONS.

Ex libris Phi Ellis

By *Rich. Fleckno.*

Anno Dom. M. D. C. LVIII.

To her Highneſſe

BEATRIX

Dutcheſſe of *Loreine.*

Madame,

TO whom ſhould I Dedicate theſe Characters but only to your Highneſſe, *from whom I've tane all the moſt* Noble *and* Excellent; *beſides* Madam, *I ow not only to your* Highneſs *the delicious leaſure I had in writing them. But if I ſeem to ſurpaſs* mediocrity, *and approach ſomewhat nigh* perfection, *that* Madame,

I ow unto you Highneſs *too*, mediocrity *in perfection being never where you are; nor can one think of any thing but* excellent *beholding you; owing this Work then to your* Highnes *by ſo many names; Permit me I beſeech you*, Madam, *withall* Humility *to offer it at your feet, together with my ſelf, with the Proteſtation of being all my Life,*

Madame,

Your Highneſſes moſt humble
moſt obliged and moſt devoted,

Rich. Fleckno.

To the Curious Reader.

THIS you'r dull *Reader*, and preoccupated judgment; not your *curious* and thoſe have judgements of their own, whom I apprehend in publiſhing theſe *characters*, made lately, with all the advantages and helps, *nobleſt*, *company*, *Divertiſments*, and *accommodation* could afford, to quicken the *wit*, heighten the *fancy*, and *delight* the mind, whoſe main deſigne is (as you'l perceive) to honour *Nobility*, praiſe *Vertue*, tax *Vice*, laugh at *folly*, and pitty *Ignorance*. And what wouldſt thou give for the *Key* now of theſe *characters*? but prithie do'nt break the *lock*, with tampering to pick it open. To prevent which violence, know that for all the more noble ones, the perſons I intend by them are eaſily to be known (they being ſo extraordinary rare, they are almoſt ſingular in their kinde) but for the other, it will be harder

der to know, whom I mean in *particular*, though easier in *generall*, they being so numerous and ordinary, as each one in their own knowledges, and imagination may find out a *Key* for them, though a hundred to one, not the same I intended in making them. Judge freely then, so thou expose not me to the envy of it, nor obligation to answer for't if thou judge amiss; and as thou desirest to have a favourable *Character* made of thee, give a favourable one, of these *Characters* of *mine*.

To his Worthy Friend Mr. *Richard Fleckno* upon his *Characters.*

Fleckno, thy Characters *are ſo full of* wit
And fancy, *as each word is throng'd with it,*
Each line's *a* volume, *and who reads would ſwear,*
Whole Libraries *were in each* Character:
Nor Arrows in a quiver ſtſuck, nor yet
Lights in the Starry Skies are thicker ſet,
Nor Quils upon the Armed Porcépine,
Than wit *and* Fancy *in this Work of thine.*

W. NEWCASTLE.

To the ſame,

On the ſame *Characters*.

FLeckno, *who reads thy* Characters *will finde,*
That they not onely entertain the minde,
But with the minde, even every ſence has part,
Being like rich Cordials to rejoyce the heart,
Or moved aire that Muſick does excite,
With numerous ſounds to give the Eare delight,
Or oderiferous Eſſences that gaine
A gentle paſſage to refreſh the Brain;
Whileſt they with ſuch variety are dreſt,
As every Pallat findes a plenteous feaſt:
And th' ſighing Lover does refuſe to look
On's Miſtreſſe Eyes, when he beholds thy Book.

W. NEWCASTLE.

Enigmaticall Characters.

CHARACTER.

Of a Lady of excellent Converſation.

YOu would not onely Imagine all the *Muſes*, but all the *Graces* were in her too, whileſt for *matter*, *words*, & *manner* ſhe is all that is delightfull in Converſation; her *matter* not ſtale and ſtudied, but reſent and occaſional; not ſtiff, but ductile and pliable to the company; high not ſoaring, familiar not low, profound not obſcure; and the more ſublime the more intelligible and conſpicuous. Her *Words* not too ſcanty, nor too wide, but juſt fitted to her *matter*, not intricately involving, but clearly unfolding and explicating the notions of her minde. In *Manner*, Majeſtique, not imperious, converſation thats a *Tyranny*, with others being a *Common-wealth* with her, where every ones

 diſ-

diſcourſe and opinions are free; ſhe never contradicting, but when any ſpeak impertinently, only bluſhing for them, and ſaying no more: (a greater reprehenſion to thoſe, who underſtand bluſhing, than can be expreſt in words,) Having too much reaſon to call paſſion to her ayde, and diſdaining to uſe force and violence (the ordinary Arms of falſhood) to defend the Truth, ſo if you yeeld not, ſhe does rather than contend, leaving you the ſhame of a *victory*, when with more honour, you might have yeelded and been overcome: Nor does ſhe raſhly take up Argument, and abruptly lay it down again; but handſomely aſſume it; delightfully continue it, and like an *Aire* in *muſick*, juſt then, when the ear expects, it comes unto a cloſe: All in her being ſweet, delightfull and harmonious, even to the very Tone and Accent of her voice, it being more *muſick* to hear her ſpeak than others ſing. Then ſhees withall ſo eaſie Company, and far from all conſtraint, as tis pleaſure to be in it: whileſt others like uneaſie garments,

ments, you cannot ſtir in without pain; which renders her converſation far chearfuller than theirs who laugh more but ſmile leſſe, ſpending more ſpirits with ſtraining for an houres mirth than they can recover in a moneth again; which renders them ſo unequall company, whileſt ſhe is alwayes equall and the ſame. True joy being a conſtant ſerious thing; as far different from light and gigling *mirth*, as *Elementall* fire from *ſquibs* and *Crackers*; whence ſhe *Prometheus*-like inſpire all who converſe with her, with noble flame and ſpirit, none ever departing from her company but wiſer and far better than they came. It being *vertue* to know her, *wiſdome* to converſe with her, *Refineſt* breeding to obſerve her, *joy* to behold her, and a *ſpecies* of the beatitude of t'other life, onely to enjoy her Coverſation in this.

CHARACTER.

Of one that is the foyle of good Converſation.

HE is t'others *Antipodes*, & of a quite contrary *Hemiſphear*: his *matter* or ſome ſtale Common-places, like cold meat grown nauſeous with often repetition; or elſe ſome new whimſies of his own, like *French quelques choſes*, with no ſubſtance at all in them: his *words* or low, and creeping (the very *reptils* of a language) or ſo affectedly high and ramping, as if *Eloquence* ſtalkt and went on *ſtilts*: his *manner* every wayes ungratefull, in a tone harſh and untunable; with Tempeſts in his mouth, and Lightning in his eyes, whileſt he ſtrains his voice to ſpeak loudeſt in the company, and heats and grows red-hot preſently, by force of Argument: impatient of contradiction, and contradicting every one; ſo obſtinate in his opinion, as *Faith* that removes mountains, can never remove him from't: whence he frieghts all

all from his converſation; their words (juſt as in an enemies Country, in Garriſon, daring not to ſtir out for fear of a ſurprize) Tis a Tyranny then to converſe with him, none but ſlaves and paraſites would endure (content to ſwallow his words whileſt they feed on him) whoſe enduring it, makes him ſo intolerable to all beſides, ſo as the wiſe avoid his company (juſt as they would ſavage Beaſts Tam'd, who unleſſe you ſooth and humour them are apt on every light occaſion to ſtart and break out to their native ſavagnes) not always to be in feaver of ſuch an Accident, and ſick of his converſation; has neither wit for diſcourſe, breeding for civility, underſtanding to know it, nor patience to learn; but by Pride, Obſtinancy and Preſumption is forfeited to perpetuall folly and ignorance.

CHARACTER.

Of an excellent Companion.

HE is the life and ſpirit of the Company, that pines and droops without him, animating all with chearfulneſs, and is like ſparkling liquor to your *dull companion*, thats only *dregs* and *lees*; his preſence chaſes melancholly, as the *Suns* does clouds, and tis impoſſible to be ſad in his company; He differs from the *Buffoon*, as an excellent *Comedy* do's from the *Farſe*, being pure wit, tother but foolery: He is never dry nor pumping, but alwayes full and flowing; his returns and *reparties* ſo quick, oppoſite and gentile, tis pleaſure to obſerve, how handſomely he acquits himſelf; mean time he is neither ſcurrulous nor profane, but a good man as well as a good companion; and ſo far a good fellow too, as hee'le take a chearfull glaſſe or two (your fine edged knives alwayes needing the whet-ſtone moſt) whileſt taking too many, is like whet-

whetting the edge quite away: he is the onely exorcist for the Melancholly *Devill* of the times; and I imagine him just like *David* playing to *Saul*, and they just like *Saul* persecuting him: He seeming to your men of businesse to confer but little to the seriouser part of life; yet he whets the knife of the serious man, and is to businesse as *Musick* to *devotion*, apting and disposing the mind to it afterwards, tho for the present delightfully, diverting it. In fine, he ows much of his good humour to his complexion, but much more to his company (alwayes the best and noblest) so he may be poor, but never want, or if he do, it is the fault of the times, and none of his, of which when he meets with a favourable conjunction, he is most commonly the Artisan of his own Fortune, making himself (with a little industry) afar better than others are born unto, being the darling of all your great ones, and nobler sort, the favourite of Kings, and companion for any Prince.

CHARACTER.

Of one that Zanys *the good Companion.*

HE is a wit of an under Region, groſly imitating on the lower roap, what t'other do's neatly on the higher; and is only for the laughter of the vulgar; whileſt your wiſer and better ſort can ſcarcely ſmile at him: He talks nothing but kennel-raked ſtuff, and his diſcourſe is rather like fruit tane up rotten from the ground, than freſhly gathered from the Tree. He is ſo far from a courtly wit, as his breeding ſeems only to have been i'th' Suburbs; or at beſt, he ſeems onely graduated good companion in a Tavern (the Bedlam of wits) where men are mad rather than merry; here one breaking a jeſt on the Drawer, or a Candeſtick: there an other repeating the old end of a Play, or ſome bawdy ſong; this ſpeaking bilke, that non-ſenſe, whileſt all with loud houting and laughter

ter confound the *Fidlers* noiſe, who may well be call'd a noiſe indeed, for no *Muſick* can be heard for them; ſo whileſt he utters nothing but old ſtories, long ſince laught thrid-bare, or ſome ſtale jeſt broken twenty times before: His *mirth* compared with theirs, new and at firſt-hand, is juſt like *Brokers* ware in compariſon with *Mercers*, or *Long-lane* compar'd unto *Cheap-ſide*: his wit being rather the *Hogs-heads* than his own, ſavourring more of *Heidelberg* than of *Hellicon*, and he rather a drunken than a good companion.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of one that imitates the good companion another way.

HE is on, who now the ſtage is down Acts the *Paraſites* part at Table; and ſince *Tailors* death, none can play *Moſco*'s part ſo well as he: he is alwayes for him who has beſt Wine & fare (Body & Soul and all) and ſooths and humours them, even to be of the ſame opinion and Religion with them (right or wrong,) mean time although he be ſpecially devoted to the *Patron*; he praiſes the *Cook*, ſhakes the *Butler* by the hand, and is familiar with all the Waiters and Serving-men; calling one *Father*, adopting another *ſon*, as they are of Age, or Office in the Houſe; though he be as pernitious in a Family, as Moaths, Cankers, or Poyſon, to Mettle, Cloaths, or health; corrupting his Patrons manners to render them more like his own, and impoiſoning their

their ears with calumnying other men, only to ingroſſe them wholly to himſelf: Mean time he is ſo ill natured, as to ſerve his end he will fawn on his deadlieſt enemies; and thoſe once ſerved abuſe his deareſt friends; equally treacherous both to friend and enemie; for the reſt, although with the ignorant, he paſſe for a good companion, tis no pure wit he utters, but only a mingly of clenches, quibbles, and ſuch half-witted ſtuff he (at beſt) being rather a *pump* of others jeſts, Conceits, and Storys, than a *Fountain* of his own; ſo he is preſently draw dry (after a meal or two) when his mirth failing and waxing ſtale he is forced to fall to plain flattery, or they grow weary of him ſtrait, as of dead Wine, pottage cold, or meat ſerved up to the Table, more than once.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of an irreſolute Perſon.

HE hovers in his choice, like an empty Ballance with no waight of Judgement to incline him to either ſcale; he dodges with thoſe he meets, nor he can ever reſolve which way to let them paſſe: every thing he thinks on, is matter of deliberation, and he does nothing readily, but what he thinks not on: diſcourſe that helps others out of *laborinths*, is a *laborinth* to him; and he of all creatures would be far wiſer, if he had none at all: he begins nothing without deliberation; and when he begins to deliberate, never makes an end. Has ſome dull *demon* cryes, *do not*, *do not* ſtill, when hee's on point of doing any thing, which he obeys as a divine Revelation: He plays at *ſhall I*, *ſhall I?* ſo long, till opertunity be paſt, and then as he did the fault, repents at leaſure. He is enemy to Re-

Reſolution, or rather as Reſolution were enemy to him, his heart fails him; and like a coward he turns back preſently, at ſight of it: He ſtill miſliking the preſent choice of things as *Scoggan* did his Tree to hang on: He could never Bet at Cocking nor Horſ-race yet, becauſe the battaile or race was alwayes done or he could delibrat which ſide to take, & he is only happy in this, that his irreſolution hinders him from marrying and entring into Bonds: Nor ist (perhaps) the leaſt part of his happineſſe to be as long in chooſing his Religion now, amongſt ſo many new Sects, that ſprout up every day; though tis thought he is a *Quaker*; and if he be ſuperſtitious withall, he is in for his wits, and next news you hear from him will be from *Bedlam*.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a Fantaſtique Lady.

HEr life is a perpetuall contradiction, ſhe would and ſhe would not, and *make ready the Coach, yet let it alone too; drive to ſuch a place, yet do not neither;* Is her ordinary dialect: ſhe differs from the *irreſolute*, in that he is alwayes beginning, and ſhe never makes an end; ſhe writes and blots out again, whileſt he deliberates what to write: t'on being a *reſty*, tother a *reſtleſſ* pain: ſo you can tell what to make of ton's Negative, and how two Negatives make an Affimative; but of her *I* and *no* together, you know not what to make, but only that ſhe knows not what to make of it her ſelf. Her head is juſt like a Mill, or Squirrels cage, and her minde the Squirrel that turns and whirls it round, and her imagination differs from others, as your *Groteſque* figures do from naturall and from *groteſque*; In that theſe have ſome deſign in them, but

but her imagination has none: She never looking towards the end, but onely the beginning of things; or if ſhe does, forgets or diſapproves it ſtrait: For ſhe will call in all haſt for one, and have nothing to ſay to him when he is come; and long (nay dye) for ſome *toy* or *trifle*, which having once, ſhe grows weary of preſently, and throws away. In fine, who are of one minde to day, and another to morrow, are conſtant to her, and *Saturns* revolution compared unto the *Moons*; For you know not where to have her a moment, and whoſoever would hit her thoughts muſt ſhoot flying; and fly themſelves whoſoever would follow her

---

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a Green-ſickneſſe Girle.

SHe is like a Mouſe in a Holland Cheeſe, her houſe and diet all the ſame: whence the more ſhe ſpends in her houſe, the worſe houſe ſhe keeps, the walls being both her Kitchen and Larder too, of which ſhe eats ſo long, as ſhe fulfills the old proverb at laſt, *The weakeſt go to the walls*: For which ſhould they accuſe her of *Buglary*, ſhe has this commodity, ſhe could never be ſtarv'd in Priſon, but whileſt ſome eat themſelves into Priſon, ſhe (by the *Fſtridge* help) might eat her ſelf out again: She is a great benefactrix to Maſons, who wher they find her are ſure to finde work enough, and her zeale is ſo great, ſhe has a minde to the Church-walls too, where ſhe might ſooner eat up all the ten Commandments, by breaking her faſt, than break the Commandments of the Church: no Nunnery would hold her, but ſhee'd break

break incloſure preſently, though for ſtrictneſſe of dyet,(however ſhe eat whit-meat) ſhee'd put down any *Minume* or *Carthuſian*; for a peck of Oats would ſerve her a week at leaſt, whence you are not to wonder if in queſtioning her you finde her ſomewhat meal-mouthed in anſwering you. By her complexion, ſhe ſeems rather made of chalk or marle, than that red earth *Adam* was made of; though ſhe be ſo meager a ſoile, ſhe grows never the fatter by it; yet one knows not what a good Husbandman may do, for they ſay, *a good Husband* would remedy all; but he muſt take her on credit then, both for Beauty and good houſewivery; few elſe would venture on her complexion, and ſuch a quality, as if ſhe hold on as ſhe begins, ſhe ſoon would eat her husband out of houſe and home: Onely a Millar would take her with all faults, ſhe being much of his complexion, and for her diet twould be at others charge, rather than his own; neither are the walls of his Wind-mil comprized in her Bill of Fare.

CHARACTER.

Of a talkative Lady.

HEr tongue runs round like a wheele one ſpoak after another, there is no end of it: ſhe makes more noice and jangling than the Bels on the fifth of *November*, or a Coronation day; ſuch a wife for *Moroſo* had far ſurpaſt all the variety of noices invented for tormenting him; and would make a husband wiſh that either ſhe were dumb, or he were deaf: You would wonder at her matter to hear her talk, and would admire her talk, when you heard her matter; but conſidering both together, would admire: nor wonder at neither, but onely exclaim with him, who plum'd the Nightingal, *ſhe is a voice and nothing elſe*, for tis nothing but noice ſhe makes, and tis the labour of her tongue not brain; whence you would only wonder how that holds out, but for that it moves with as great facili-

ty

ty, as leaves wag when they are ſhaken with the winde (give her tongue breath, and it will never lie ſtill) or rather indeed as *Atomes* move its aire, for tis quite unhung, and neither depends on nerve nor imagination; there being as much difference betwixt a voluble tongue and hers, as betwixt an excellent vaulter moves artfully, and one who art-leſly precipitates himſelf: all the wonder is, whileſt ſhe ſpeaks onely *Thrums*, how ſhe makes ſo many different ends hold together (the compoſition of a Taylors Cuſhion, all of ſhreds, being nothing to the wonder of it) but for that ſhe cares not; all her care being onely for ſome to hear her talk (whom ſhe muſt hire ſhortly, none certainly elſe would undergo the noice and vexation) mean time an engine with ſo conſtant a motion as her tongue would be far better than any murmuring Fountain, or purling Brook to make one ſleep, and ſhe wants onely the faculty of talking in her ſleep herſelf, to make the perpetuall motion with her tongue.

CHARACTER.

Of a Taciturne Perſon.

HE is the contrary Extremity, and knows as little to ſpeak as t'other to hold her peace. Fryer *Bacons* brazed head was a talkative one to his; and there is nothing ſo phlegmatique as his diſcourſe; you might have patience as well to tend a *Still*, that drops but once a quarter, as to attend his ſpeech; the counting whoſe words, and a *Dutch* clock is an Excerciſe much alike: The wheels of his tongue, are like thoſe of a ruſty Jack, that ever an anon (for want of oyling) are at a ſtand. He is like *Pharaſius* picture, all *Curtain*, and who think theres ought elſe under it, like *Zeuxes* are deceived; yet ſuch vailed ſhrines as he, are counted very *Oracles* in Cloiſters now where ſilence is in precept and veneration: Whoſe profeſſion tis to be rather good Religious, than good companions; and whoſe wiſdome is the folly of the world;

world; and be they their wiſemen, they ſhall be my fools ſtill, who no more admire ſilence in them than in vegitatives: Nor ſhall ever accoumpt impotency, perfection; rather when the power of well ſpeaking never proceeds to act; I ſhall think there wants ability more than will; and that ſomewhat ſtill in the main ſpring is amiſs, when the clock neer ſtrikes; onely for this once (ſince they will needs have it ſo) I will believe there's ſomewhat in him, 'cauſe as yet I could never perceive any thing come out of him.

CHARACTER.

Of a Dutch Waggoner.

HE converſes ſo much with beaſts as he's become one himſelf, with only this difference, that he is a Beaſt P*aramount*; and to ſee him mounted on his forehorſe like a *dril*, you'd take him for a Beaſt two ſtories high, nay to his very underſtanding he is one; he underſtanding nothing above the elevation of his Pole; and let them talk of the Papiſts what they will, there is none ſpeaks the language of the Beaſt but he: they were mightily out, who fain'd a *Waggoner* in *Heaven*, when with far more reaſon they might have fained one in *Hell*: For beſides he is more churliſh than *Charon*, his waggon is more like *Hell*, where people are crowded together in perpetuall pain; and he like a *Fury* layes about him with his whip, only in this he is like *phebus* or the *charioter* of the day, that he always bring night with him to his journeyes

neyes end. For the reſt; t'others Horſes eats not ſo oft as his, nor (for all his Twelve houſes) has he ſo many Inns to bait at, and drink at on the way: Beſides he is more inexorable then the *Sun* for *Joſhua*, with calling to him once could make him ſtay, which call your heart out, you can never make him do. In a word, he dos nothing well, but whip his horſes, and you can do nothing better than whip him again; for he is ſaucy and malepert, and as rude as the Canvaſe he wears; being a very tyrant when he gets you in his Waggon once, ſetting a Tax or Impoſition on paſſengers, call'd *drink-gelt*, which he leavies on the firſt foure places of his Waggon, and were ye forty, he promiſes to you all: Now whether this be a *Holland* or *Flemiſh* Waggoner, there lies the Riddle, betwixt whom there's this onely difference, that your *Hollander* looks bigger and keeps more gravity, as one that may be one of *myn Heers* in time, whileſt t'other will never be but one of the *Raſcall* rout.

CHARACTER.

Of a huge overvaluer of himſelf.

He affects a certain *Corpulency* in al his Actions, makes them rather appear inflate and ſwoln than great and ſolide, with a *ſingularity* renders him more noted than notable: His *wit* is rather boiſterous than ſtrong, and has more in it of *Polyp heme* than of the *Heroe*. He is rather of *extravagant* than *extraordinary* parts; and looſes himſelf by going out of the common road; miſtaking the point of *Honour* ſo, as while tis more *honourable* to beat the *world* at its own weapon, he is ſtill inventing new: He makes a faction for *folly*, whileſt he would needs ſeem *wiſer* than he is, and proves that ſaying true, *Nullum magnum ingenium &c.* That there's *no great wit without ſome mixture of folly, &c.* onely gaining this reputation (at laſt) with all his buſtling, that *he were a wiſeman indeed, who were but all that he would ſeem to be.* In fine he is ſo unlucky in all his profeſſions both

both of the *Courtier*, *Scholler* and the *Politique*, to have his ſpeculations too high, his ſtate policy in the ayre, his complements to the skies, and his ſchollarſhip above the Moon. Princes not underſtand t'on, Ladies not reaching t'other; nor can the Univerſity with all its Mathmaticall Inſtruments take tothers height. Like too high prized Ware then, he lyes on his own hand ſtill; nor will he ever off, till either he be ſo wiſe to bate of it, or meet with ſuch fools, who will over give as much as he overvalues it: Nor availes that excuſe which ſome would make for him: 'How in great fi-'gures, falling not under one proſpect of 'the eye; tis hardeſt ſtill obſerving pro-'portion: For why does he ſtrive then to make himſelf ſo great, and ſeek rather excuſe for *errour* than not to *err* at all? the Lady— then without Rivall may admire him ſtill, and he maybe Mr— Wiſeman, but none of mine.

of

CHARACTER.

Of an ordinary French Laquey.

HE is as miſcheivous all the year as a *London* Prentiſe on *Shrovetueſday*, and is devilliſh valiant with his Rapier on, but is a poor *devill* when that is off, and you may beat him part in hand, and part on credit, as you pleaſe, whileſt he is ſo rigorous an *accomptant*, as if you promiſe him, *cent coups de baſton*: He looks you ſhould not bate him one. He wears mourning linnen whatſoever colour his Livery's off, and he and the *Dog* are alwayes *Correlatives*: He ſwears and lyes naturally, but ſteals nothing, only what he can lay hands on; and if you lay not hands on him the ſooner, he runs away when he has done; though for running tis the worſt quality he has, in lieu of which he vault up behind the *Coach*, with as great facility as an *Ape* or *Tumbler* behind his Maſter: For the reſt he does nothing more willingly than *pimp* for

for you, when if he can hedge in any *common* for himſelf, he counts it clear gain, and himſelf a *free Commoner*; he having in that his Maſters leavings, as in all things elſe; whileſt he that had his, would be finely ſauc'd indeed. I ſay nothing of the *Dice* he has, which however falſe, do break no ſquares with him, nor of the *Cards*, in his pocket (though it be all the Prayer Book he has) onely to come to his other qualities: he Paints excellent well *foure* fingers and a thumb, on Privy-houſes, and flying dildos upon wals, with *Buts* at which they are ſhot; no Saints mind being ſo elevate in devotion to *paradis* as his to the *Bourdell*, to which he runs ſo often as at laſt one running mars an other, when he is laid up in ſome Hoſpitall, and there's and end of him.

of

CHARACTER.

Of a ſuſpitious Perſon.

SHe is her own *Tormentor* and others too, putting her minde and them to *torture* of her *ſuſpitions*; nor by confeſſion nor denyall is there any getting off of them: She ſuſpects every thing, and if you whiſper, ſhe thinks tis ſome harm of her. If you ſpeak loud, ſhe interprets it in the worſer ſenſe; if you look on her, ſhe thinks tis to ſpy ſome fault in her; and if you look not on her, ſhe interprets it a neglect of her: Mean time, ſhe goes on with her ſuſpitions, like *French* poſthorſes, who when they ſtumble once, neer ceaſe till they are down: She revolving ſlight offences in her minde ſo long, till ſhe makes mighty injuries of them at the laſt. Her ſurmiſes being alwayes wiſer than the *Truth*; whileſt her freinds (both for their own ſakes and hers) wiſh them but as wiſe at leaſt, and that ſhe had either leſſe *wit*, or not ſo great

great an opinion of it as ſhe has; ſhe imagining ſhe underſtands the full meaning of every half word, and myſtery of every look, when there is none at all: So to every thing ſimply ſaid, ſhe affixes a double meaning ſtrait, counting it *Ironia* when any praiſe her, *malevolence* when they praiſe her not, *flattery* when you are of her opinion, and voluntary contradiction if you hold the contrary: Explicating others words and actions ſtill as *Heretick*s do ſcripture in the dark and myſtick ſenſe, when the litterall is clear and manifeſt enough, and you may as well convert t'one as t'other from their opinions: So whileſt her minde is juſt like the winters ſun, exhaling more clouds than it can diſcipate again, ſhe both looſes herſelf in the miſt ſhe makes, and looſes her friends by miſtaking them for her enemies.

Of

Of Raillerie.

THere is as much difference betwixt *Raillerie* and *Satyrs*, *Jeſting* and *Jeering*, *&c.* as betwixt *gallantry* and *clowniſhneſſe*; or betwixt a *gentle Accoſt* and *rude Aſſault*. And if I would habit them in their ſeveral properties, I would cloath *Satyr* in hair-cloath, *jeering* in home ſpun-ſtuff, *jeſting* in motley, and *Raillerie* in ſilk. It being a gentle exerciſe of wit and witty harmleſſe *calumny*, ſpeaks ill of you by contraries; and the *reverſe* or tother ſide of complement, as far beneath as that above reality. There's nothing in it of abuſive, and only as much in it of handſome invective and reproach as may well be owned without a bluſh: publiſhing thoſe praiſes of you without ſhame, which flattery would make you aſhamed to hear. It differs from *Gybing* as gentle ſmiles from ſcornfull laughter, and from rayling as Gentlemens playing at foyls, from Butchers and Clowns playing at Cudgels. Tis nothing bitter, but

a poignant ſauce of wit, for curious pallats, not for your vulgar Taſts. And as *Barriers*, *Juſts* and *Tournment* a ſport onely for your nobler ſort; ſomewhat reſembling earneſt, and which indeed, none ſhould uſe, but thoſe who know to make a ſport of it: your Northern Nations being moſt commonly unhappy in this, that when their wits fall ſhort, they piece it out with choller, and the blunter their wits are, the ſharper are their weapons ſtill. In fine, tis a plant grows more naturally in your *Southern* Regions, and ſeldome farther North than *Paris* yet: Whence whileſt the *French* would have tranſplanted it with their others faſhions into *England*, like thoſe who firſt brought in *Tobacco*, they had but the Curſes of the common People for their pains; they underſtanding *railing* far better than *Raillerie*: much of the nature of thoſe Beaſts who cannot play, but they muſt fall to ſcratching and biting ſtrait, wherefore till they underſtand it better, 'Ile ſay no more of it, but leave it as a Riddle to them ſtill amongſt the reſt.

CHARACTER.

Of one who troubles her ſelf with every thing.

HEr mind is juſt like their ſtomacks, who convert all they eat into diſeaſes; for every thing is matter of trouble with her, and ſhees perpetually haunted with a panick fear, and *Lord, Lord! what ſhall I doe? What will become of us?* not contented with her own cares ſhe troubles her ſelf with thoſe of others, and gos more than a thouſand mile to ſeek them out, being as much troubled for the King of *China's* loſſe of his kingdome, as for our late Kings loſing his. In which ſhe ſhews much charity, but ill ordered, a good naturall but ſickly and infirm, and a great ſtock of pitty and compaſſion but ill husbanded and managed: nay ſhe troubles her ſelf with conditionary thoughts of things that neer were, nor are, nor are like to be: And if others buſineſſes ſo trouble her, imagine but how

ſhe

ſhe is troubled with her own, of which when ſhe has any, what betwixt doing and undoing it; like *penelopes* webb, ſhe never makes an end; nor can any elſe for her at laſt, ſhe ſo intangles it. And all this through *ignorance* of how much thought and care ſhe is to beſtow on things, whence beſtowing all ſhe has on every thing, (as long as there is a world, and ſhe is in the world) her care and trouble muſt needs be infinite and immenſe: So as in fine) her minde ſeems onely an *Hoſpital* of ſickly thoughts; being ſo thronged with them, there's hardly room for any healthy one: whence through her propoſterous lodging all her *care* within doors, and her *comfort* all without, ſhe is ſo unfortunate to have the one ſtill at hand, when ſhe needs it leaſt; and tother ſtill to ſeek, when ſhe ſtands in moſt need of it.

CHARACTER.

Of one who troubles himself with nothing.

HE ſuffers none but gay and pleaſant thoughts to enter his *Imagination*, putting the reſt off till to morrow ſtill; ſaying, *to day is too ſoon*: and then quite diſmiſing them, ſaying; *it is too late*: He is ſo great a Maſter in the art of *conſolation*, as he who when he caſually loſt his eyes, comforted himſelf, that *there was ſo much ſaved in candle light*, was but a bungler at it, compared to him. He accounts nothing in this *world* his own, whence hee's never afflicted for the loſſe of any thing; and for the world it ſelf, count it but as a *pilgrimage*, and himſelf a *pilgrime*, that has no other buſneſs in it, but onely to paſs through it unto the next: to which ſince all wayes equally conduce; he *laveers* not by *Sea*, but ever ſailes before the *winde*, and makes for the next *Port*, be it where it will; and by *land*, knows all his eaſeſt

ſieſt paſſages, and all his turnings to avoid uneaſie ones, whileſt to beguile the tedioulneſſe of the way, he has ſtill choice of the beſt compan y; and at *Kelay*: So paſſes he this *vale* of miſeries; ſo eaſily he ſcarcely feels its miſeries; neither contracting ſo much *wealth*, nor *guiltineſſe*, in living, as may make him apprehend to leave tone behinde him, in this world when he dies, nor finde the puniſhment of t'other in the next. Mean time, that neither the Revolution of things, nor inconſtancy of perſons, may tranſport, or trouble him; he has no tie to any thing, nor perſon, *Beautie*, *Riches* nor *honours* having never yet the power to make him quit his *liberty*, nor has the *world* chains ſtrong enough to make him *ſlave*; he wondring as much at *Courtiers*, as at *Gally-ſlaves*; and for thoſe who for a little profit ſell their *liberties*, whileſt they call it fiſhing for a *golden fiſh*, he calls it Angling with a *golden-hook*: So the ſpendor of a *Pallace*, and obſcurity of a *Cottage* equally takes his eyes, nor ſees he any thing; In the *riches*

of the one to *envie*, nor in the others *povertie* to pitty, more than the means that tone has more than tother; to make *friends* and to oblige. Thus having provided againſt all trouble without himſelf, that nothing within himſelf may trouble him: (holding ſtill the mean betwixt *idleneſſe* and too great *imploy*) he cultivates his minde, rather like a *Garden* than a *Feild*, delightfully not *laboriouſly*; with ſtudies may rather render it *gay* and *cheerfull*, than *mellancholly* and *ſad*: ſhunning all *by-wayes* of *doctrine*, to avoid *Errour*, and all *highwayes* of the vulgar to avoid *ignorance* and *viciouſneſſe*; nor puts he his minde ſo on the rack of hope to extend them farther than to poſſible and eaſie things; which failing his expectation, he is no more troubled than at ſeeing *Juglars* play faſt and looſe. Laſtly, not to live *ſtranger* nor *enemy* to himſelf, he firſt makes compact with's *genius*, to lead him to no ill, and then follows it, whatſoever it leads him too, doing juſt by it, as by his *Horſe*, which he is not ſtill put-

ting

ting upon *new* wayes, but onely ſpurs when it goes on ſlowly in the *old*: So conſtituting his pleaſure rather in *content* than *voluptuouſneſſe*, and in nothing *fruition*, may leſſen and deſtroy, or that may be rendred impotent by Age: He can never be without pleaſure in himſelf, nor can any thing out of himſelf ever moleſt and trouble him: nor is this a happineſſe to be attained too, but by long accuſtumance, and by doing by our Minde, juſt as we do with our Bodies. In time of Peſtilence, that is, by carefullv avoiding all commerce with thoſe are ſick, elſe being once infected, all Councell is in vain; and you may as well bid one that is ſick be well, as one thats *ſad* and *grieved* be merry and comforted.

CHARACTER.

Of a Chamber-Maid.

A *Chamber-maid* is as ſuſpitious a name for a *Maid*, as a *Grammar* Schollar for a great Schollar, or a *Schoolmaſter* for a great *Maſter*, *&c.* She differs from the Waiting-woman onely as ſingle *Roſes* do from double ones; and is a maid of one *Coat*, whileſt your waiting-*Gentlewoman* has many; for the reſt, ſhe is the gentler of the two, when ſhe fals into gentle handling; marry the rude Serving-man ſhe cannot endure, telling him *ſhee's for his betters*, *&c.* She is the moreſubject to *towſing*, leſſe danger there is of *rumpling* her, (an advantage ſhe has of the *Gentlewoman* for all ſhe is ſo fine) there being more provocation too in her ſingle *Peticoat* (ſo nigh *querpo*) than in all tothers ſilken *Gowns*. Mean while her words and actions are to be underſtood by contraries, and when ſhe ſchreeks and crys *fie away*, lay *by there*

&c.

&c. You muſt underſtand they are interjections of *encouragement*, not *prohibition*, as when ſhe hids her ſelf ith' dark or fains to ſleep, tis only that you ſhould groap her out and take her napping, *&c.* onely theres a certain thing call'd *ſweetheart*, and a certain thing call'd *Matrimony* that ſpoils the ſport, and makes her ſhie and *cautious*; for any thing elſe there may be ſport enough, and nothing e'r the worſe: For ſhe may be a *Chamber-maid* ſtill, though not a *maid*; and if ſhe be right and of the *Game* indeed, whatſoever they ſay unto her, and whatſoever they do unto her too, ſhee'le be ſure to be a *Maid* ſtill till ſhe be *married*, when let her husband look where ſhe be a *Maid* or no; for others they have look't often enough and found her none.

CHARACTER.

Of a Noblemans Chaplain.

ALl Miniſters are *men* of the *Lord*, but this is the *Lords* Gentleman; diſtinguiſht by his Taffity Scarff, his fring'd Gloves, bandſtrings, and Linnen more *à la mode*; his cheifeſt faculty is in ſaying *Grace*: when by the elevation of his eyes, you may eaſily gueſſe at the temperature oth' *clymat*, or whether his *Patrons* devotion be *hot* or *cold*, (and reſpectively the meat is the contrary,) having ſaid *Grace*, he takes *Tithes* of all, as belonging to the *Clergy*, only the ſmall *Tythes* of fruit, his *Patron* debars him off, (if he ſit at his Table) he and his fellow Salt together, being both taken away with the *Voider*; when riſing with *trencher* in hand (juſt like one playing at *Buz*) he makes a Canonicall leg *de Cu' & Bec*, and is ſilenſt during pleaſure, & converted into a grave *Cup-board* or *Chimny piece*: If he fail of the lower end of his *Patrons* board, he claims the higher end

of

of the *Stewards*; where he reprehends no vice, but *too many hands in the diſh at once*, under the name of gurmandizing, he being more beholding to his ſhort commons in the Univerſity, for a good ſtomack; then for his learning (which is nothing with him) or his preaching either, (which is not worth the ſpeaking of) whileſt he hunge there by the Beck like *Barnacles* in *Scotland*, till he flew away a *Brand Gooſe* at the laſt. He takes the mentioning of Sr. *Roger* indudgion, with all the Apurtenances and Apendixes of *Cunny-tails*, and Mrs. *Abigals*, though he makes love in *godly* manner to the *Chamber-maid*, or *Waiting-gentlewoman* (when his *Lord* has done with her) by whoſe favour with my *Lady* if he gets the ſuper intendancy of the Family, he vexes the ſervants intolerably with his talking of *Collegiall* Diſcipline, and the ſtatutes of the *Univerſitie*, with *Orthodox* noſe prying into every thing, and if he hedge in the Tutoring of my young Maſter in to boot, he makes him an errant *dunce*, and fit onely for the *Univerſity*.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of an impertinent Governant.

SHe is a fit *Abigail* for Sr. *Roger* there, and makes as good a Governant for my young Lady, as he a Governour for my young Lord: Her wits (like an old ſtokin unravelling) are at an end at every turn; and had ſhe the *Governance* of a whole School, ſhe would run mad infallibly, though ſhe have the ſpirit in her of twenty *ſchool-miſtreſſes*, looking with her *Pigs-eyes* ſo narrowly to her charge; you cannot approach her, but like a *Hen* with one *Chicken*, ſhe clocks and briſtles up her feathers preſently, keeping ſuch a *fidel-fadle* and *tatling*, as you would judge her fitter to teach *Parrots* talk, or *Apes* their tricks, than for the charge ſhe has: for the reſt of her behaviour and diſcourſe: It ſpeaks her of your under form of breeding right; her *quips* and ſcornfull anſwers, ſtrongly ſavouring of the Cittizen, *as goodly, goodly, great ones!*

how

how ſay ye by that now? &c. And but anger her, and you'le ſee that with onely one weeks board at *Billingſgate* ſhe would have ſcowlded curiouſly. In fine, ſhe is perpetually buſied about nothing, and her whole imployment is either in making, or elſe finding faults; diſpleaſed with every thing, 'cauſe ſhe knows not what ſhee'd have; with which impertinency ſhe ſo *dazes* and *bemumps* the poor *Lady*, as ſhe learns nothing at all of her, but only to unlearn all ſhe did *well*, to do it *ill*. As for her other qualities of curious handling the *Bodkin* and *Needle* (at which every *School-girle* and *Chamber-Maid* is as good as ſhe) I ſay nothing 'cauſe they are not worth the ſpeaking off, only that by the *Tree*, you may know the *fruit*; Ile give you the *Character* of the *School* where ſhe was bred.

CHARACTER.

Of a School of young Gentlewomen.

TO ſhew how many degrees they are removed from, *Court* breeding their *Schools* moſt commonly are erected in ſome *Country* Village nigh the *Town*, where to ſave charges (like that country pariſh that would not go to coſt of true *Orthography* in painting the Ten Commandments) they have the worſt Maſters can be got, for *love* or *money*; learning to quaver inſtead of *ſinging*, *hop* inſtead of *dancing*, and rake the *Ghitar*, rumble the *Virginals*, and ſcratch and thrumb the *Lute*, inſtead of playing neatly and handſomely. And for their languages a *Magpy* in a moneth would chatter more, than they learn in a year: nor are their manners and behaviour much better, both ſo unfaſhionable and rude, (or ramping and hoiting, or mincing and bridling it, as their reverend *Miſtreſſe* is *libertine* or *preciſe*;) as their unlearning them

them coſts their Parents (commonly) more than their learning did. As for their work (which they moſt glory in) you have frequent *examplers* of it, how ſome one or other (ordinarily) makes ſuch *work* with them, as the ſtitches can never be pickt out again, without the *Mid-wives* help: No ſweet-meat ſhops being ever ſo haunted with *Waſps* and *Flys* as theſe *Schools* by all the *wild-youth* about the Town. Mean time, I'le not ſay their grave Miſtreſſe is a *Bawd* (who thinks her ſelf a very *Debora* for government) but certainly her *Simplicity* is little leſſe; firſt, gives admittance, then opportunity to ſuch vermine as theſe into their *Bouroughs*, who when they get their heads in once, all the Body naturally follows. To conclude, they learn nothing there befitting *Gentlewomen*, but onely to be ſo *gentle* at laſt, as commonly they run away with the firſt *Serving-man* or younger Brother makes *love* unto them: when their *Parents* finde (to their coſt) that all their coſt was caſt away, and their *Husbands* after a while find too, how

how to that old ſaying of chooſing a *Horſe* in *Smithfield*, and a *Serving-man* in *Pauls*; you might well add the chooſing a wife out of one of theſe *Schools*, and you ſhall be fitted all alike.

---

of

CHARACTER.

Of a Novice.

HE is juſt like a young *Lover*, and his order is his *Miſtreſſe*, who makes a fool of him, whileſt he Idolatrizes it more than your *French* Inamouriſts do their *Phillis*'s and *Cloris*'s, and *Don Quixots* love to *Dulcinea* was nothing ſo extravagant. The more doz'd and be mopt he is, the better ſtill; tis a ſign he's right, and has a true vocation: and if he have any wit and judgment of his own, they cry *out on him* for a very *Reprobate*: for the reſt, he hates all woman-kinde and calls a Petticoat, *Leviathan*; and a *ſmock* but innocently blanching on a hedge: *Aſteroth* or the fowl *Devil* of *Fornication*; he walks with his eyes alwayes fixt upon the ground, and crumples up like a *Hog-lowſe* for fear of effuſion: he makes as many ſtops as an old ruſty *Jack*, and winds up himſelf, as oft to rectifie his intention, he ſays his, *our Fathers* as devoutly

voutly as others their *our Father*, and counts all damn'd who are not freinds of his order, as an infallable ſigne of *Predeſtination*, the being devoted to it, and the *Patron* thereof: he is as lively after a *diſcipline* as an *Ape*, newly whipt, and is no more moved then a *ſtatua* at a *reprehenſion* or *reproach*. Infine his *novitiat* paſſes with him, juſt like an *enchantment*, whileſt he is ſo ſtund and aſtoniſht as he knows not what to doe; onely towards the end he comes to himſelf again, recovering by degrees; and the charme once expired becomes like other men.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a Fille devote, *or a ghoſt'ly daughter.*

SHe is a degree farther from the *Cloiſter*, and nigher the world than a *Beguine*; to recompence which, ſhe is more exemplar in her manners and behaviour, walking the ſtreets like an *Image* carried in proceſſion, without ſtirring *hand* or *eye*, wearing her eyes juſt like ſpectacles on her noſe, and not daring to ſcratch though it itch never ſo furiouſly for fear of tranſgreſſing the rules of *modeſty*: whence a *fly* is as ſafe on her noſe, as a thief in *Sanctuary*, and a *flea* as t' had *paſſport* may travell where it pleaſe: Returned home ſhe is ſo neat, ſhe puts all her cloaths up ith' preſſe (almoſt her ſelf too) bruſhing her carefully for fear of a ſpice of *Fornication* ever ſince ſhe underſtood, *man* was but *duſt*.: for the *world*, ſhe defies it with all its pompts and *vanities* (and tis almoſt all the *vanitie* ſhe has) and for the *Devill*, ſhe knows all his

ſlights and tricks ſo well, as that *Devill* muſt riſe betimes that couzens her; as for the *Fleſh* ſhe mortifies not onely her own, but that of her hoch-pot too, giving it ſo ſtrong allay of *Carrots* and *Turnips*, there is no danger of it inſurrection: Mean time, ſhe holds her *Confeſſor* and the Patron of his order for the greateſt *Saints*, and ſalutes all the reſt, even to the Dog of the *Houſe* with a *Beati qui inhabitant*, whileſt of her *Faith*, there is no doubt, and for her good works, you may have a *pattern* of them when you pleaſe; for ſhe is commonly the beſt *Bone-lace-maker* in all the *Pariſh*, though her principall Trade be making *ſcruples* of every thing (if that be not her *confeſſarius* work more than hers) to conclude, I could wiſh my *ſoul* with hers, at any time, but not my Body beſhrew me) eſpecially on *Lady* Eves and other dayes of devotion, when ſhe Faſts, wears *Hair*, and *Diſciplines* it moſt intolerably.

CHARACTER.

Of an Immitable Widdow.

SHe is a Tree thunder-ſtrook, the more *ſacred*, the more unfortunate; who had long ſince been dead, when *death* bereaved her of her better part, but for thoſe living branches engrafted on her ſtock (for and in whom (more than for and in her ſelf) ſhe lives: She has a quite different computation from other *Widdows*, counting from her Husbands *life*, in tother world, not from his *death* in this; nor from his *mortality*, but his *immortality*, which every day augmenting by conſequence her memory of him, every day augments: Whence to ſhew ſhe mourns not for *cuſtom*, but for the *dead*, and *eternally*, not by the *year*; ſhe hangs her *appertement* all freſhly in black at the years end, when other widdows would be unhanging theirs: Its not changing colour ſufficiently, declaring that tis dyed in grain: for the reſt, ſhe

on 2 ſecond *marriages* but as a kinde of *Adultry*. *Incontinence* makes neceſſary and *cuſtome* lawfull, ſo far below noble woman, as her high thoughts diſdain ever to deſcend into't: or at beſt accounts it but a kinde of *Theft*, or robbing of the *dead*; and for hers ſhould hold it a kinde of *ſacriledge* or ſtealing from the *Saints* in Heaven: nay, ſhe counts your *Widdows* marry ſo ſoon again, but a kind of *Murthereſſes*, killing their firſt *Husband* out-right, when th're but half dead once; whileſt hers long as ſhe lives (indeſpight of *death*) can never wholly *dye*, on half of him (at leaſt) ſurviving ſtill in her.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a more Imitable Widdow.

SHe ſhoots off Husbands as faſt as *Boys* Pellets out of *Pot-guns*; and one diſcharg'd, all her care is to charge again: ſhe is as curious in her mourning dreſſe, as if ſhe rather *courted* a *new Husband* than *mourned* for the *old*; and her *Glaſs* and *woman* have more ado with putting on her *vaile* and *peak* than (i'th' dayes of revelling) with putting on her *masking* cloaths; nor are theſe any other in effect ſhe only making an *inward* joy under an *outward* grief; her *vaile* fitly ſerving her to hide her laughter in publique; as her *dark chamber* in private, for the reſt, ſhe hides all under her *widdow-hood*: before company yet ſhe makes ſorrowfull faces, and *ſqueezes* out a tear or two, but alone with her *woman* ſhe laughs at it; and all their diſcourſe is, *Who is the proper'ſt man, and who would make the beſt husband*

band, &c. She counts her ſelf widdow'd not for her *boſome* but her *Bed* (making difference ſtill betwixt a *Husband* and a *Friend*) and therefore procures to have that alwayes warm, when her *Husband* is ſcarcely cold; whom ſhe preſently forgets, never making mention of a former *Husband*, but only as a ſpur unto the latter, with a *God be with him, he would have done thus and thus*; and if they don't ſo too, is as ready to bid *God be with them*: ſo as 'tis onely a good *dowry* and the *Itch* oth' *Taile* that makes her marry again, which ſatisfied once, ſhe cares not how ſoon ſhees rid of you; or *unſatiat*, one ſuffices not, but ſhe ſtill longs for more: Wherefore were I to marry her, I'de be ſure, one condition oth' marriage ſhould be, ſhe ſhould be no more a *Widdow*, or (be ſhrew me) I'de have none of her.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a Fifth-Monarchy man.

HE *Equivocates* when he ſayes, *Thy kingdome come*, meaning his own; and ith' mean time, looks upon all *Magiſtrates* as Uſurpers of his right: He is a *Saint*, turn'd inſide outward, or all *ſanctity* without and none within: his congregation is all in *querpo*, though they boaſt the *Spirit*, and they care for no cloak but *Hypocriſie*: Tis queſtion whether he more hates the *Church* for *Ceremonies*, or *Ceremonies* for the *Church*; certainly, he is more familiar with the *Lord*, than to ſtand on *Ceremonies* with him any more; and he ſo hates a *Gentleman*, as he can't endure *God* ſhould be ſerved like one. Mean time, down goes the *Churches*, and *White-hall* ſhould follow too, might he but have his will: a *Barn* as well as a *Church* or *Palace*, ſerving them, (like *ſavages*) both for their *ſpiritual* and *temporall* Monarchy: He count-

counting any place good enough to *preach* in; and any place indeed is good good enough for his *preaching*, who teaches nothing but *ſedition* and *infatuation*, whence whileſt others with their *Sermons* people *Heaven*, he peoples *Bedlam* or the common *Jaile*; calling *mirth*, *prophanes*; *melancholly*, *Godlines*; *Obedience luke-warmneſſe*; and *Faction*, *zeale*: making altogether as *unchriſtian* work with *Baptizing* them, as he dos with children. In fine, other *Sects* run low, but he's upon the *Lees*, calling himſelf onely *pure*, like him who being all o're defiled with dirt, brag'd that he had never a ſpot on him; ſo he thanks *God* with the *Phariſee* that he is not like other men, and in that he ſayes true, for he is far worſe than they: As for his Fift-Monarchy, he may expect it when all the world is *mad*, till when he muſt give all the world leave to believe that he is ſo.

HE is the onely perſecutor of *Ladies*, and they may as well be quit of their *Shaddows* as of him, he follows them without any regard of *Time* and *place*, viſiting them a *mornings* e'r they are up, and ſcarcely gives them leave a *nights* to go to bed: whence they compare him with every thing thats troubleſome, and compariſons (you know) are odious: He is their vexation in their *Chambers*, their diſtraction in the *Church*, nor can they ſcarce be private and at eaſe for him. In their *Cloſſets*, or on their *cloſe-ſtools*, and when they take *Coach*, they muſt have a guard of *Swiz* at the *Boot*, or elſe hee'le enter whether they will or no. But what do I talk of a guard? when like a *ſpright* he penetrates any place, and is as good as a Canon, or Petard to force his entrance: whence he becomes ſo fearfull to every one, as they fright *children* with only ſaying *he comes*; and *old folks* who weary out others are a weary of his company: whence he is in every ones *Letanys*, with *deliver us good Lord*: and they pray a-

gainſt

gainſt him as againſt the *plague*, he being far the more incurable malady of the two; and he who knew a remedy againſt the *Gout* and him, would ſoon be richer than *Mayern*, which makes them ſtudy it, and many remedies have bin thought upon: Some having aſſayed to make him *bluſh*, but that they finde is impoſſiſible; others have invented ſeverall *excuſes*, but none would ſerve the turn, not ſo much as that of *buſineſs*, *ſleeping*, nor taking *Phyſick*, *&c.* Ill looks, nor ill words wont do't, and for that way of diverſion, ſom *Ladies* have found out of late, of keeping handſome *Gentlewomen* & *Chambermaids*, they find it afterwards but redoubles of Acceſs, what drives him ſooneſt away, is their threatning to put him him to charges of *Suppers* and *Collations*, but that he puts off too, with his wonted *impudence*; onely one, who hath travelled many Countries, and learned many rare Receipts, of late has found out a way, to *Quarrell* him out of their Companys; and to perfect the cure, add but a good *beating* to't, and tis thought, he will never dare to return again.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a French dancing-Maſter in England.

A French *Dancer* or *Balladin*, thinks himſelf a *Palladin* of *France*, when he cõmences Maſter and ceaſes to be *Uſher* once: betwixt whom and the French *Taylor* there has been long contention who ſhould be moſt *modiſh* and liker a *Gentleman*; till the *Dauncing Maſter* carried it clearly away at laſt, and but for his *Pochet* might ſometimes paſs for one; for he is the onely Maſter of the *Revels* now, and makes all dance after his *Fiddle*. He has the *Regimen* of your Ladies Legs, (nay little *Montague* pretended higher yet) and is the ſole pedagogue of the Feet, teaching them not onely the French *pace* but the French *language* too, as *Coupéz*, *paſſéz*, *levéz*, *&c.* which they underſtand as perfectly as *Engliſh*. He fetches you up in your Dance with a *hei courage*, as your *Carter* does his *Horſes* with a *Whip*; and is ſo cholerick ſometimes,

times, as he is beaten for his pains, and taught to know that he is far better at his *feet* than *hands*: he gos a Pilgrimage to *Paris* every year, and diſtributes his new *Branles Gavots* and *Sarabands*, like precious Reliques amongſt his *Schollars* at his return, ſpeaking as reverently, and with as great devotion of *Monſeour Provoſt* as your *Pilgrims* do of the *Saints*, of the *Shrines* they have *viſited*: In fine, he lives a merry life and a long; for his *dancing dayes* are never done, and he is a brave *fellow* all the year, but on a *Bal* or *Grand-Ballet* night without compare: Onely, I'de councell him to hide his *Kit* when he goes abroad, or if the *Saints* ſpy it, tis but pretending its ſtrings are made of the guts of the Beaſt, and that they play at the wedding of *Anti-chriſt* with the *Whore* of *Babylon*; to breake it like your *Engliſh-Fiddles* about the *Fiddlers* ears, 'gainſt whom their perſecution is ſo great, as t'would even extend it ſelf to the ſign of the *Cat* and *Fiddle* too, if it durſt play but ſo loud as to be heard by them.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of your Town-Talkers.

YOur Town Talkers are a company in Town, who make a Trade of talking of every thing; they work journey work, and are excellent embroiderers of lyes; any ground will ſerve them and tis ordinary with them to add *o's* and cyphers to ſet it the better off. They deal more by conjecture, than *Almanack* makers, and are ſuch expert *Chymiſts*, they can extract *certainty* out of *likelihood* at any time. They wiſh more for ill news, than ingroſſers of Corn for dear years; and are ſorry with *Caligula*, when no publique calamity happens in their time. They would be glad the deareſt friend they had ſhould be hanged, only to afford them news; and when they have any, are as pregnant with it, as *Spaniſh gynets* are with aire. They hunt with full cry, and run faſter away with a *rumour*, than a pack of northern Hounds do

do with a full ſcent. Their chiefeſt game is *who*, and *who?* and they make more *marriages*, than *Juſtices* oth' Peace. As for *Weddings* now the *Arches* are down, they are the onely Bawdy court, making *Adamites* of all the young people in the Town; and inſtead of the *Star-chamber*, they cenſure every one: they'le venture the repute of *lyars* twenty times, for that of *prophets* once, and make ſuch haſt as they prevent times bringing *truth* to light. In fine, tis naturall to them, to ſpeak ill of every one, amongſt the reſt, making bold ſometimes with us in the *Country*, they are not to take it ill, if this once we make as bold with them in *Town*.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a horrible wicked and deboiſhed perſon.

HE is all over *Guilty*, whilſt others are but *parcell guilt*, his words, actions, cogitations and all; his mind is a room all hung with *Aritini* Pictures, and the *Contemplation* of them is all his *Devotion*. He is ſo excellent a *chymiſt* as he can extract *Bawdry* out of any thing: and makes *Cato* ſpeak it, nay *Salomon* and *David* too: He neer ſees *woman*, but he luſts her, ſtrips her naked, and enjoys her ſtrait in *imagination*; when he *Fathers* the *Children* of it upon himſelf, nor thinks he it *diſhonour* to bely the *honour* of any one. Every thing with him, is incentive unto *Luſt*; and every woman *Devill*, enough to tempt him to't; ſilk-gowns and *waſtcoteirs* all alike, he playing at women, juſt as he does at Cards, where every ſuit in their turns is turnd up *Trump*; he watches *wenches* juſt as *Tumblers* do *Rabbets*, ready ſtill

to

to throw himſelf *Corps de perdu* after them; whence he has more diſeaſes than an *Hoſpital* of which he lies in every ſpring and fall, when his *ſweat* is a curſe of his own, not *Adams* ſin: Mean time, his word is *a merry life and a ſhort*, and I know not how merry tis, but I'me ſure tis ſhort enough; he conſuming juſt like a *Candle* on both ends, betwixt *Wine* and *Women*, without which he holds there is no pleaſure in this world, and for the other he would fain be *Atheiſt*, and believe there is none at all; whileſt his *manners* and *ignorance* ſupply his want of *Faith*: for he lives like one, and knows no ſoul he has, repents more the omitting an evill action, than any *Saint* would the committing it: His diſcourſe is all *oaths*, and his *oaths* are all his *prayers* (he never but in them remembring *God*:) he laughs at *Heaven*, and imagines *Hell* only, a pretty winter Parlour, thinks *godlineſſe* and *Religion* but *folly* and *hypocriſie*; and finally for the narrow way to *Paradiſe*, knows no other, but the common road to *Maiden-head*.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a valiant man.

HE is onely a man, your *Coward* and *Raſh*, being but *Tame* and *Savage* Beaſts; his courage is ſtill the ſame, and *drink* cannot make him more valiant, nor *danger* leſſe; his valour is enough to *leaven* whole Armies, and he is an Army him ſelf worth an Army of other men: His *ſword* is not alwayes out like childrens *Daggers*, but he is alwayes laſt in beginning quarrels, though firſt in ending them: He holds *honour* (though delicate as *chryſtall*) yet not ſo ſlight and brittle to be broak and crackt with every touch; therefore (though moſt wary of it) is not *querilous* nor *punctilious*; he is never troubled with paſſion, as knowing no degree beyond clear courage, and is alwayes valiant but never furious. He is the more gentle ith' *chamber*, more feirce he's in the *field*; holding boaſt

(the *cowards* valour) and cruelty (the *Beasts*) unworthy a valiant man: He is only *coward* in this, that he dares not do an unhandsome action. In fine, he can onely be overcome by discourtesie, and has but one deffect; he cannot talk much, to recompence which he dos the more.

---

him

CHARACTER.

Of a Proud one.

SHe has as much in her of the antient *Counteſhip* as would have ſerv'd ſix of Queen *Elizabeths Counteſſes* with their *Coachmen* and *Footmen* bare, their *Cupbearer* ſerving them on the knee; and women waiting about their *Canopy* of *ſtate*; yet is ſhe neither *Counteſſe* nor *Lady* neither, but onely of *pleaſure*, and at *courteſie* of the country. She looks high, and ſpeaks in a *Majeſtick tone*, like one playing the *Queens* part at the *Bull*, and is ready to ſay, *bleſſe ye my good people all*, as often as ſhe paſſes by any company: ſhe adding only diſobligingnes to her diſhonor, whileſt ſhe would be thought more honourable by diſobligingneſſe; and is but like thoſe *tradeſmen*, who when they have cuſtome enough, grow proud and to diſdainfull, and muſt be ſued for their ware, whileſt thoſe who want it, are for-

ced to ſue to you: to hide and plaiſter it the better, ſhe has two countefeit vizzards, her *painting* and her *modeſty*; both which ſhe puts of a *nights*, when ſhe lies with her *own face*, though not with her *own Husband*; ſhe pretending by her *ſtately* carriage (it ſeems) the honour of *Foundreſſe* oth' *order* of undiſparag'd *Concubines*, nor gets ſhe any thing elſe by her *ſtatelineſſe*; but onely, when ſoever there is a *Parliament* of *Curtelans*, ſhe ſhall be taken not for one of the *Commons*, but the *Houſe* of *Lords*.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of an all-admirable Perſon.

Beauty alone is too *ſecular* a *Theam* for *praiſe* and *vertue* too *Monaſticall* an one; together they make an excellent conjuction, ſo they are accompanied with goodneſſe and obligingneſſe; diſobliging *Beauty* elſe repelling as faſt as it attracts (and looſing all its *graces* by infuſing them into veſſels diſobligingneſs makes *bottomleſſe*) neither is *vertue* ever ſo honoured, when its *goodneſſe* is contracted in it ſelf, as when tis diffuſively *good* to all: To ſpeak ſeparatly than of all theſe perfections, which ſhe has jointly to admiration: For her *Beauty* all you call ſweet and raviſhing is in her *Face*; a *cheerfulneſſe* tis joy for to behold, and a perpetuall *ſun-ſhine* without any clouds at all, joyn'd with ſuch attractive *vertue*, as ſhe draws all to a certain diſtance, and there detains and ſuſpends them,

with *reverence* and *admiration*; none ever daring to approach her nigher, nor having power to go farther off; whence that *beauty*, which in the dayes of *Ethnicisme*, had excited to *Idolatry*; now only excites to *piety* and *devotion*; sufficient alone to fill the place with *votius tables*, and even in picture to work *miracles*; she being still the greater *miracle* herself, and so all surprizing as a *disease*, but as taking as her *eyes*, would be epidemical, and soon depopulate all the world. Then shee's so *obliging*, *civill*, and *courteous*, as *obligingnesse*, *civility*, and *courtesie* seem to be born with her, and it is feared will dye and be *buried* with her in the same *grave* when she dyes; Her speech and behaviour being all so gentle, sweet and affable, as you may talke of *Magick*, but there is none *charms* but she; nor has *complacency* and *observance* more ready at a *Beck*; she (to the shame and confusion of the *proud* and imperious) doing more with one gentle intreaty than they with all their loud *iterated* commands. Whence she alone with her

sweetnesse

ſweetneſs and gentleneſſe, would tame fierce *Lions*, and civilize barbarouſeſt *Savages*; and if there be any *feirceneſſe* and *ſavageneſſe* in the world, tis onely where ſhe is not, and becauſe ſhe cannot be every where: whence *Heaven* ſeems onely to have made her ſo *beautifull*, to make vertue more lovely in her, the one ſerving to adorn the other; as her noble *obligingneſſe* and *goodneſſe* does for the ornament of both.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a gallant Warriour.

HE is a Lover, and the *Warre* is his Miſtreſſe, whom he courts ſo nobly as not onely ſhe, but all are enamour'd on him: all his thoughts are on her, and all his Ambition is to deſerve her favours, and declare himſelf worthy of her; he doing that in effect, which others onely talk off; hazzard and expoſe his life for his Miſtreſſe, as often as brave *Action* cals him to't: Mean time, compare him but with your other fine *Gallants* of the *Town*, and you'le ſee what little pittifull things they'le ſeem compared to him (juſt as *Puppets* in compariſon with *men*) he ith' head of an *Army*, with brave feirceneſſe in the *field*; they with little *meens* and countenances, leading a *dance* at home; they ſlickt with *pomatum*, all patcht and powdred; he all covered ore with duſt and ſweat, the powder of the *Canon* frizling her hair, and every patch hiding

hiding or ſhewing ſome noble wound; they finally proud of the favour of ſome *knot* or *ribban* (their Miſtreſſe *Dog* has honour to wear as well as they) he glorioufly returning home with *victory*, a favour onely greateſt, *Heroes* are honoured with: After all which, more to encreaſe their ſhames, and his *glory* he beats them at their own weapons too (to ſhew himſelf every wayes a *Conquerour*) and provs the gallanter *courtier*, as far ſurpaſſing them in the gentle Arts of Peace, as in the noble ones of War: With good reaſon they feigned *Venus* then enamoured of *Mars*; onely I wonder they fabled him born of *immortall* race, ſince in my conceit the fable had been much handſomer, had they feigned (like our *Mars*'s here) his noble actions onely *Immortalizing* him.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a miſerable old Gentlewoman.

HEr word is, *pitty any thing ſhould be loſt*, whileſt others ſay, *pittie any thing ſhould be ſaved*, as ſhe ſaves it; for ſhe hoards up *Candles ends*, and ſcapes up *Greace*; being ſo rich in *Kitchin-ſtuff*, as her very cloaths are become part of it; excepting her brancht-velvet-gown, (thin as an old groat with the figures all worn out) which ſhe keeps more carefully for *Sundayes* and *Holy-dayes*; nor wonders ſhe at the *Jews* wearing their cloths in the *Deſart* forty years, for ſhe has a *petty-coat* ſhe has worn as long; her *ſtomacher* being a piece of venerable Antiquity, derived from the Velvet of *Queen Mary's* gown; and her prayer *Book* was a Relique of her *Grand-mothers*, till falling into the *Dripping-pan* (by *ſimpathy*) the *Dog* and *Cat* fell out about it, and at laſt agreed to pray on it: ſince when for want of a Book, her ordinary prayer (without *Book*) is a *God help ye* without Alms

Alms, for which the *Beggars* curſe her as faſt; onely your *ſneezers* thank her, becauſe they expect no more from her; for her houſe, you enter it with the ſame horrour as you'de do one, the witches kept their *Sabot* in; ſhe ſitting purring in the *Chimney-corner* like a *melancholly Cat*, mumping like an *old Ape* when ſhe ſaluteth you; and when ſhee'de *Regale* you indeed, ſends for a bottle of Sack from her Cloſet (as everlaſting as the *Widdows* cruch of Oyle) has ſerved this twelve months all ſtrangers that come to houſe, together with a Box of *mermelate* ſo dry, as the flyes have given 't over long ſince, in diſpaire of extracting any more ſweetneſſe out of it. In fine, to tell you all the ſordid *poverty* of her houſe, I ſhould never make an end: wherefore to conclude, her *Coffers* are only rich (whilſt ſhe is poore) where ſhe hoard up all her old *ſpurroials* and *Harry* Angels, with her *deaths head* and *Gymal* Rings, for whoſoever ſhe means to make her Heir, which I'm ſure ſha'nt be me, I laugh at her ſo much.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a Ladies Little Dog.

HE is native of *Bolonia*, though of no great Houſe (as tis imagined) yet he is his *Ladies* Favourite, and the Envy of her *gallants*, for his lying with her a night, whileſt he innocently *ſnugs* and ne'er thinks of his happineſs, and kiſſes her a days, without imagining any harm; for which they ſuſpect him of *frigidity*, and certainly he is ſo cold as the *Chimney-corner* can ſcarce keep him warm; where he lies in his *panier* (like *Diogenes* in his *Tub*) ſnarling and barking at every on comes in; whence he's imagined to be one of his *Cinick* ſect, yet all *Careſſe* and make much of him, for his Ladies ſake, and that proverbs together, *Love me, and love my Dog*. Mean time, his chiefeſt bravery conſiſts in his *chollar*, which you would take for the *chollar* of ſome Order (of which there are *Carpet Knights* enough, who would gladly like him

him be never out of *Lady's laps*) but that he has no fellow for *littleneſs*, all other *Dogs* ſeeming *Gyants* unto him; and he would ſcarce paſſe for a *Maſtiff* amongſt the *Pigmies*: though in *Homers* battaile betwixt the *Frogs* and *Mice*, he would have ſerved rarely well, for mounting the *Caval'ry*, and have put the *Infantry* terribly to Rout: but that he was ſpoil'd in the managing; he (what betwixt carrying in the *Arms* at home, and *Coach* abroad) having *legs* more for ornament than uſe: Whence he has (certainly) much to anſwer for *Idleneſs*, but for that he cares not, who never thinks on *death* (though his *life* may well be compared unto a *ſpan*, his *body* being no more) nor cares he for what becomes of *Dogs* in the other world, he enjoying all his *Heaven* and *Felicity* in this; having a Velvet Cuſhion for his couch; walking on *Turkey Carpets* like the *Grand Seignior*, being fed as daintily as the *Infanta* or the King of *Spain*; nor can he wag his Taile for any thing, but he has it ſtrait.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of your Ladies Coronel.

NOt to be *Souldier*, he was made *Coronel* at firſt, and to ſcape fighting, h'as remaind ſo ever ſince; whence he's a *ſuperlative* without a *poſitive*, or like a *Hovell* all *rouff* without *foundation*; you may call him ſouldier yet in *extraordinary*, as they do *Courtiers* who *ordinarily* have nothing to do at Court, no more than he in the Feild ere ſince he brought the name of *Coronel* to Town, as ſome did formerly to the ſuburbs that of Lievtenant or Captain. Mean time, I know not whether the *Ladies* made him *Coronel*, but I am ſure they have marr'd him for ever being one; he caring more for their *ſimpring*, than either for *grinning honour* dead, or *ſmiling* on alive: So there is more danger of his over complementing, than over coming an enemy; and for his ſword, it can ſo little boaſt its *bloud*, as all its gentility lies in the *Hilt*

and

and *Belt*; and it derives its honour more from the *ſcabboard* than the *blade*, notwithſtanding (though I will not abſolutely ſay, he is a *Souldier* in his heart) certainly in his *words* he is a famous one, and for ſuch he paſſes with my Ladies Gentlewoman, who for the title of *Coronels* wife is content to marry him: When ſhee's call'd *Madam* and puts hard for L*ady* too, fathering far more children on him in Peace, than ever he made fatherleſſe in war.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a School-Boy.

ONe may well ſay of him, as another did of his *Son*, that his *mother had prayed ſo long for a Boy, as he feared he would prove a Boy all his life*, to which nothing more confers than their breeding in *Grammer* Schools, where they ſtudy *Boyes* ſo long, they are marr'd for ever ſtudying men: comming thence ſo rude as in compare with thoſe bred at home, they are like ragged *Colts* of the *Commons*, compar'd with *Stable-breed*; he has nothing ſo ready, as his *Hat* at his fingers ends; which he twirls about in mighty agony; when he is out and knows not what to ſay, and if you queſtion him, he looks another way, as if he ſought an Anſwer in the Seeling, or the Floore, and ſcraps you juſt ſuch a leg in anſwering you, as *Jack* oth' clock-houſe going (about to ſtrike) mean while he ſpeaks ith' ſame *tone* he recites his leſſon

in

in, as fast as a *Horse* running away with his Rider, and as loud as all the company were deaf: ever and annon putting his Nose in's cap, and sneering when he is out of countenance: for his learning tis all *capping* verses, and *Faggotting* Poets looser lines, which fall from him as disorderly as Faggot-sticks, when the band is broak; of his manners I say nothing, for he has none at all; nor is there any hope he will ever learn; his head being so doz'd with knocking, & breech hardned with whipping, as h'as neither *fear* nor *wit*. Judge then what hope his Parents have of him, and what comfort in his schooling, where he has learnt so many *miching* and *sneaking* tricks, as had I a son, I lov'd, I'de send him to *Paris-garden*, as they do *Apes* to learn tricks there, rather than such tricks as they commonly learn at School.

CHARACTER.

Of one that ſhall be nameleſſe.

HE is the onely famous *Ruffin* of the Time, and is ſo exemplary vitious, as in beating their children, they bid them take warning by ſuch an on: his vices are heavy enough to weigh down a ſide, whence antiently had he bin to have fought, they would have deſired him, not to pray that the *gods* might not have known that he was there: He drunk formerly, when he ſhould be fighting, and now talks only of fighting in his drink; whence he is rather ſcandalous than dangerous, and they perſecute him more for his Words than Actions; he cryes out on others not ſuffering like himſelf; like the *Fox*, who having loſt his own Taile, would needs perſwade all others out of their; nor is it *zeal* but *envy* in him, like your Boyes, who cry a *whip Coach-man*, when they cannot get up themſelves: Mean time, he Fathers his decayed

decay'd Fortune on the *Wars*, when tis well known, twas rather cauſed by his Engagements with *women*, than with *men*: and were his *Creditors* Books well examined, you ſhould finde his name there long before the *Muſter maſter* could ſhew it you in his; which remaining uncanceld ſtill, he thinks to do it by *wit* inſtead of *money*; and to break his *Creditors* by breaking *jeſts* on them; but they are too wiſe to be witty now a days, and he too fooliſh not to remember how the times are ſo chang'd, as thoſe who formerly for *jeſting*, might have begged *others Eſtates*, may now for *jeſting* chance to looſe their *own*. Mean while, more *priſons* contend for him, than *Cities* antiently for *Homer*, on the gates of one of them, you may well write his *Epitaph*, for tis like to be his *Sepulcher*.

CHARACTER.

Of a pretty ſweet Innocence.

HEr *Innocence* is the pure white garment that ſhe wore in *Baptiſm*, which in others looſes gloſſe, and is quickly ſullyed; but in her holds colour, and conſerve its candor ſtill, tis no *witleſſe*, but *guiltleſſe* Innocence, ſuch as was our firſt Parents in *Paradiſe*, of which had they been but as wary & tenacious, they had not loſt it ſo eaſiely, nor had *Paradiſe* been loſt ſo ſoon: She knows no harm, and therefore dos, nor imagines none, her *ignorance* being a far better and ſurer guard, for her *Innocence* than others *knowledges*. She hates Vice almoſt as much by *Nature* as by *Grace*; nor is there any more beholding to both than ſhe: She is *virtue's white-paper*, whileſt others are onely *blotted*, or courſe blotting paper at the beſt; and is onely fit to write

Heavens

Heavens dictates on. Her Inocent ſtole being of the ſame ſtuff & piece, your *Angels* are made off, which could ſhe conſerve like them, but unblemiſht and unſpotted ſhe might go to Heaven in it without *Tranſlation*, which her noble birth and breeding promiſes for her in her *Infancy*; nor is there any doubt, but her high Honour and virtuous mind, will fully perform when ſhe comes to Age all that they have promiſed.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a ſcrupulous Honour.

NEver was curious *Beauty* more nice nor ſhie of *ſun* and *winde*; nor frugall *Bravery* of contracting *ſpot* or *ſtain*, than ſhe of conſerving her *fame* and *honour* pure and unblemiſhed: having ſuch care of its *integrity*, ſhe dares not truſt *rumour* with it, ſhe fearfully apprehends like ſome fierce *Maſtiff*, rending and tearing every thing it faſtens its teeth upon; this makes her walk ſo warily for fear of *awakening* it, ſo far ſhe is from irritating it, to *bark* or *bite*: mean time ſhe ſtrictly examins all her words and actions on this nice *Interrogatory*, *What will the people ſay?* Nor moves ſhe apace without firſt conſidering where ſhe ſets her foot; by which prudent conduct of hers, ſhe clearly demonſtrats, that howſoever foul and dirty the *world* is, tis but picking out ones way, and they may walk clean enough. And all this ſhe dos purely from the

the principals of high *Honour* and noble virtue, without affectation or hypocriſie; and the care ſhee'as of the pretious odor of her *fame*, never expos'd (ſhe knows) to the ſubtle theft of publique aire without ſome detrement, whence no *Ermine* is purer, nor *Angel* cloathed in fleſh could be more carefull of preſerving its innocence; nor *vertues* ſelf could it be ſeen with mortall eys', could ever gain more love nor reverence than ſhe, who of all women alive, has onely the true receipt of ſtopping rumours mouth, of ſilencing calumny and detraction, and purchaſing th' eſteem and admiration of all.

CHARACTER.

Of a Fleerer.

OF all wrinckles in the Face (next to thoſe of comely *Age*) give me a hearty *laughter*, or a *frown* at leaſt, concealing nothing of *diſſimulation*, but for your *fleering*, tis alwayes the counterfeit *vizard* of the Falſe, the Deſcembler, and the Treacherous (and if it proceed from *ſimplicity* tis as bad on t'other ſide) to adde the more to its *deformity*, it has ſomewhat in it too of the wrinkles of an *Ape*, makes it look more ridiculouſly and ſcurvely; tis a ſcrew'd face onely made to inſinuate into your breaſt, a *warpt* on, declaring there's no truſt to it; having as many double rinds in it, as a *Bulbus* root; you may *annihilate* it as ſoon as peel it out of all of them. 'Thas nothing in it of the *phyſiognomy* of an honeſt man; open and cheerfull with eyes more ſmiling than the mouth: in ſmoothnes not wrinckles, unfolding the habit of the mind

minde, whileſt this is a *Judas* face, with *what will you give me* for *motto* to its treacherous ſmile, or at the worſt a *Scotch Presbyterian* face, faining friendſhip and pretending zeal only to cozen you, with all its actions fawning and language flattery; and if I would paint a Greek *Sinon* it ſhould be juſt with ſuch another *phyſiognomy*, red hair, flat noſe and gogle Eyes, with crouching poſture, and fleering countenance, truſt them who's liſt for me.

CHARACTER.

Of a Make-bate.

SHe is a tattling *Goſſip* that goes a fiſhing or groaping for ſecrets, and tickles you under the *gills*, till ſhe catches hold of you; onely the politique *Eele* eſcapes her hand, and wrigles himſelf out again: She tels you others ſecrets, onely to *hook* yours out of you, and *baits* men as they do *Fiſhes* one with another ſtill. She is as induſtrious as a *Bee*, in flying about, and ſucking every *flowre*; onely ſhe has the *Spiders* quality of making *poiſon* inſtead of *honey* of it. For ſhe has all her ſpecies of *Arithmetique*, *Multiplication*, *Addition*, and *Detraction* too, onely at *Numeration* ſhe is alwayes out, making every thing more or leſſe than tis indeed; whilſt they blame *Flatterers* for wanting their *ſicut erat* to their *gloria*; ſhe wants both her *gloria* and *ſicut erat* too. In fine, you have diverſe *Serpents* ſo venemous

nemous, as they infect and poiſon with their very breaths; but none have breathes more infectious nor poiſonous than ſhe, who would ſet man and wife at diſſention the firſt day of their marriage, and Children and Parents the laſt day of their lives; nor will Innocence ever be ſafe, nor converſation innocent, till ſuch as ſhe be baniſht humane *ſociety*: the bane of all ſocieties where they come; and if I could afford them being any where with *Arioſto's Diſcord*, it ſhould be onely amongſt mine *enemies*: Mean time, tis my prayer, *God bleſſe my friends from them.*

Of

CARACTERE.

Du Tour a la mode.

C'*eſt une Aſſemble ou les* Dames *ſont pareéz pour le* Bal, *et ou les cheuaux dancent un* Ballet. C'*eſt un* Marché *ou l'on n' Eſtale que la meilleure Marchandice, en reſervant le reſte dans l' arriere Boutique.* C'*eſt une* Blanque *des viſages ou pour un bon, on en rencontre cent mauuais.* C'*eſt une* Battaile *bien rengée, ou le* Baggage *eſt derrier, ou ceux ſont ſeulement a couvert des coups d'oeillades, qui ſont au fond du* Carroſe, *et ou les primiers ayant fait leur diſcharge ilz ſ'en retirent pour donner place aux autres.* C'*eſt un* Feſtin *ou ceux qui vont en* Carroſe *ſont aſſiz a* Table, *et ceux qui ſont par* terre *les regardent, et devorent des yeux.* C'*eſt l'* Egliſe *de la* Gallantrie *ou il y a de la Bigotterie auſſi bien qu' aillieurs, et ou, on va plus par* Curioſité *que par* devotion. C'*eſt un* Ciel *qui a deux mouuemens contrairs, ou il y a des Eſtoilles de toutes Grandeurs, et ou les Dames fardées, et de*

mau-iſe

Reputation ſont des Commettes. *C'eſt un Jeu des* Cartes *ou tous les valets ſont eſcartez. C'eſt un* Triomphe *ou les vaincus auſſi bien que les vainqueurs vont en chariot. C'eſt une* Medaille *de la vanité du monde et viciſſitude des Mondains, auec ces Inſcriptions* Sic tranſit gloria mundi, *et* chácun en ſon Tour: *en fin c'eſt là ou l'on roule doucement dedans le monde, & ſi l'on pouuoit ainſi aller en* Paradis, *on ſeroit auſſi heureux qu'* Elie.

CHARACTER.

Of a Changeable diſpoſition.

SUre the Moon had great predominancy in her Birth, there's ſuch a perpetuall *ebb* and *flow* of *humour* in her; ſo as you may go *twiſe* into her company, and not *twiſe* into the ſame company: She is a *ſea* without North ſtar, and ſo full of *ſhifting ſands*, as there is no ſayling by Compaſſe with her, nor without the *Plumet* ſtill in hand: ſhe is all in the extremities without *medium*; and now 'tis *ſtormy*, now *ſun-ſhine* with her: Now ſhee's merry, now exceeding *ſad*; now *fond*, now *froward*; now infinitly *obliging*, & as *diſobliging* now again. Whence who obſerve her humour are tyred out and become giddy ſtrait, and ſhee's only ſafe in it, in that *flattery* knows not where to finde her out: Mean time, ſhe falls often out with you, and no wonder, for ſhe falls out with her ſelf as oft; and now affirms a thing, & ſtrait gives her ſelf the

ly;

lye; now does a thing, and presently is displeased at it; ascenting or contradicting, as shee's either in good or bad *humour* and disposition; and when that is, you must go to a *Cunning woman* to know, for shee's not *cunning woman* enough to know her self; her *humour* being so marr'd by too much humouring. In fine, she's a very *Camelion* or *Proteus* in disposition, changing fashions of minde oftner than the *French* does fashions of *Body*; and did she change *shapes* as often as she does minds, none would know her, and the *Reason* of all this is (perhaps) only because she dos not know her self.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a Phyſition.

BY *ſin*, *ſickneſſe* firſt entred into the World; and by *ſickneſſe*, *death* and the *Phyſitian*. Behold, how ſome derive his *Pedegree*; others ſay, that as *Lawyers* ingender *proceſſes* and *laws* abuſes, ſo *phyſitians* do *Maladyes*. Certain tis, he and *death* are but *Cozen Germains* once removed, and both of the ſame *Trade* and occupation of *killing men*; though the *Phyſitian* eſcapes (by money and corruption of the *Judge*) and poore *Death* onely is condemn'd for it. An others Reaſon why never *Phyſitian* yet held up his hand at *Bar* for killing *Patient*, is, becauſe the *Crowners* queſt have found it *ſelf-murder* in thoſe who take *phyſick* of them. Certainly, they do more harm and good (for all his ſaying, that did not *Phyſitians* kill men ſo faſt, the world would be ſo full of them, as ther'd be no living one by another) for with their purging they

but

but fill the world with *ordurs*; and for one *ſtool* they give a man, they give him twenty *pains*, *diſeaſes*, and moleſtations; who ſay that we muſt *honour* P*hyſitians for neceſſity*: mean onely, that they are neceſſary evills, againſt whom *David* pray'd (infallibly) when he deſired to be *delivered from his neceſſities*; mean time, as tis ſaid, *neceſſity has no law*, ſo would it could be ſaid, that *neceſſity* had no P*hyſitian* too. But this now, is no ways to be underſtood by our Engliſh P*hyſitians*, but onely thoſe of other *Nations*, who with their *ſix penny fees*, have *skill* accordingly, whileſt ours in with their *golden fees* have *golden skill.*

CHARACTER.

Of the Authors Idea, *or of a* Character.

IT gives you the hint of diſcourſe, but diſcourſes not; and is that in *maſs* and *ingot*, you may *coyn* and *wyer-draw* to infinite; tis more *Senica* than *Cicero*, and ſpeaks rather the language of *Oracles* than *Orators*: every line a *ſentence*, & every two a *period* It ſayes not all, but all it ſayes is good, and like an Aire in Muſick is either full of *clozes*, or ſtill driving towards a *cloſe*: tis no long-winded exerciſe of ſpirit, but a forcible one, and therefore ſooneſt out of breath; tis all *matter*, and to the *matter*, and has nothing of *ſuperfluity*, nothing of *circumlocution*; ſo little comporting with *mediocrity*, as it ur extols to *Heaven*, or depreſſes unto *Hell*; having no mid' place for *Purgatory* left. Tis that in every ſort of writing delighteth moſt, and though the *Treatiſe* be gold, it is the Jewell ſtill, which the Authour of *Characters*, like your *Lapidary*

dary produces ſingle, whileſt others *Gold-ſmith*-like inchaſs them in their works. Tis a *Portraiture*, not onely oth' *Body*, but the *ſoul* and minde; whence it not onely delights but teaches and moves withall, and is a *Sermon* as well as *Picture* to every one. In fine, tis a *ſhort* voiage, the *Writer* holds out with equall force, ſtill comming freſh unto his journeys end, whileſt in *long* ones, they commonly tire and falter on their way: And to the *Reader* tis a *garden*, not *journey*, or a *feaſt*, where by reaſon of the ſubjects variety, he is never cloyed, but at each *Character*, as at a new ſervice, falls too with freſh Appetite.

CHARACTER.

Of a Dull-fellow.

HE is the *mute* of the company, and only plays a part in the *Dumb ſhew*; or if he ſay any thing like a *pump*, he labours for it, and preſently his *ſpirits* ſink down again, and leave him dry. He ſits *nodding* in company, like a *ſleepy perſon* overwatcht; and *rouſe* him with a *queſtion*, and he *ſtares* on you, like one newly awaked out of ſleep: he looks with his mouth, and thinks you would ſell him a bargain, and ask him any thing, and tis impoſſible to aske him any thing he underſtands. He may thank *God* then for making him when he did, for they make no more ſuch *Dunces* now a dayes; ſo the *ſpecies* when he dyes is like to be extinct in him: when if he be ſav'd, it muſt be contrary to the proceeding of our *Seſſions's*, and rather by his *Ignorance* than by his *Book*. And if he be *Bookiſh*

ing

with all, he is yet the greater *Dunce*, being juſt like a narrow neckt *bottle*, haſtily turnd down-ward, upon ſurprize you can get nothing out of him, and onely premeditation can ſave him from being begg'd: Whence like a dull Horſe, let him go on his pace, and he advances ſomewhat, but ſpur him and through diffidence of his ſtrength, his wit fails and tongue ſhuffles, falters, trips, ſtumbles and falls flat down at laſt, never arriving to a *period*. So goes he on plodding his *Dunſtable* high-way, till he becomes a famous ſchollar at the laſt: Of ſuch *wood* (or rather *blocks*) they commonly now adayes making moſt of their great *Doctors* in the *Univerſity*.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a bold abusive wit.

HE talks madly, *dash, dash* without any fear at all, and never cares how he *besputters* others, or *defiles* himself; nor ceases he till he has quite run himself out of breath; when no wonder, if to *fools* he seem to get the start of those, who wisely pick out their way, and are as fearfull of abusing others as themselves: He has the *Buffoons* priviledge of saying and doing any thing without exceptions, and he will call a jealous man *Cuckold*, a childe of doubtfull birth *bastard*, and a *Lady* of suspected honour *Whore*, and they but laugh at it; and all *scholars* are pedants & *Physitians*, *Quaks* with him, when to be angry at it is the avowing it. Then in *Ladies* chambers, he will tumble Beds, and towse your *Ladies* dress up unto the height, to the hazzard of a *Bed-staff* thrown at his head, or rap o're the fingers with a *Busk*, and that

is

is all; onely in this, he is far worſe than the *Buffoon*, ſince they ſtudy to *delight*, this onely to *offend*; they to make *merry*, but this onely to make you mad, whence *woe* be t'ye if he diſcovers any *imperfection* or *fault* in you, for he never finds a *breach*, but he makes a *hole* of it, nor a *hole* but he *tugs* at it ſo long till he tear it quite; giving ☿ for reaſon of his *incivility*, becauſe (forſooth) *it troubles you*) which would make any civil man ceaſe troubling you. So he wears his *wit*, as *Bravo's* do their ſwords, to miſchief and offend others, not as *Gentlemen* to defend themſelves: and tis *crime* in him, what is *ornament* in others; he being onely a *wit* at that, at which a good *wit* only is a *fool*. Eſpecially, he triumphs over your modeſt man; and when he meets with a *ſimple body*, paſſes for a *wit*, but a *wit* indeed makes a *ſimplician* of him; ſo goes he perſecuting others till ſome one or other at laſt, (as *chollerick* as he is *abuſive*) *cudgell* him for his pains, when he goes *grumbling* away in mighty *choler*, ſaying, *they underſtand not Jeſt*, when indeed tis rather *he*.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of troubleſome kindneſſe.

His *kindneſſe* is as troubleſome as others *Ceremonies*, and his *ſtroakings* as painfull as others *ſtroaks*; he asks ye with a great deal of joy when he ſees ye, *whether you be there or no?* and ſhakes you by the hand till has ſhak't it out of joint, telling you twenty times, *he is glad to ſee you well*; And if he embrace you, and get you in the *hug*, you had as good fall into the hands of a *Corniſh Wraſtler*: he asks you ſo often *how you do?* as he makes you doubt whether you be well or no, when indeed tis rather his *diſeaſe* than yours: He is troubleſome at Table with bidding you *heartily welcome*, and often drinking to you; and being a little tippled he kiſſes *man*, *woman* and *childe*, and out gos all his ſecrets whiſpered in your ear: (the ſhaking by the hand ſtill, in all his kindneſſes entring as a neceſſary *ingredient*) but above all he

is

is moſt troubleſome when you are *ſick*, with his *how d'yees?* and *pray be well*, ſo as you would give as much to be rid of his *viſits*, as you are forc't to give the *Phyſitian* for his: neither are you at quiet when he is abſent, but ſtill he writes unto you, and his Letters are fill'd with *commendations*, till they run over the *margent*; and he be forced to end with *my paper will give me leave to write no more.* In fine, his *kindneſſe* is rather that of *children* than of a *freind*; rather out of *weakneſſe* than *judgment*; more *luſcious* than *ſweet*, clearly demonſtrating that one may far ſooner be cloid with ſuch ſlight *junkets* than with more *ſolid food.*

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a Janſeniſt.

A *Janſeniſt* is a new name for an *Heretick*, & the firſt *Heretick* that ever was *Catholick* : Let us imagine then (to pleaſe the *Molleniſts*) your *Janſeniſts* condemned for *Hereticks* at *Rome*, by the *Pope ex Cathedra*, with all his *Cardinals*, and the *Jeſuits* making *Bonfires* for *joy*. Then more to increaſe their *joy* and *Bonfires*; let us imagine them again burnt for *French Hugonots* in *Spain*, the Jeſuits (of their wonted charity) aſſiſting them to the *fire*, and exhorting them to die penitent; which they refuſe (like obſtinate *Hereticks* as they are) accuſing the *Jeſuits* violent wreſtling their Propoſitions to Hereſie, which were Catholick enough before, telling them 'They take 'their meaſures of *Catholick* or *Heretick*,

as

'as they are contrary, or according to 'their *dogmas* and *principalls*; and for 'their *condemnation*, ſay that they are ra-'ther *unfortunate* then *criminal*, and that 'oftentimes the ſentence may be juſt, and 'yet the perſon *condemned* innocent. After which return we to *France*, and imagine the horrible buſtle that is there: The *Gallicane Church*, not admitting their *ipſe dixit*, ſo eaſily and abſolutely without diſtinction as the reſt do in *Spain* and *Italy &c.* but there the *Janſeniſts* ſtruggle with the *Moliniſts* ſtill, and write divers pernicious *Books* againſt them, amongſt the reſt, one lately entitled the *Provincials*, making a terrible combuſtion (confuted by the *Hangman*, who publickly burned it.) They ſpringing up as faſt as *Hydras* every day, whileſt the *Ieſuits* quell them as faſt, like *Hercules* with his *club*; for which finally they triumph, repreſenting Father *Arnoult* with all the Ring-leaders of the *Janſeniſts* blown up like *Crackers* in a *Puppet play*, and all their *followers* at noyce and hubbub

bub of it, running away like frighted *dogs* with *bottles* of *excommunication* at their *tailes*, with all the Jeſuits Scholars houting after them, and all thoſe of different Religions in other Nations, making their ſport at it, notwithſtanding all which, *Ianſenius* may be a very honeſt man.

---

of

CHARACTER.

Of a certain Nobleman

HIs *Dignity* at home, is double the ſame *ſtile* abroad, and *mind* and *perſon* anſwerable to his *dignity*: his *titles* become him as they were made for him, and he ſhews greater the higher he is in place: He *blazons* his Arms by *vertues* not *colours*, and his pedigree thats but boaſt with others, is but *chronicle* with him: He remembers his *Anceſtors* more to their praiſe than his own; and ſuffers them to get the ſtart of him in nothing but *priority* of time: he is great not ſwoln, high not lofty, humble not ſtouping, raiſing his *inferiours* up to him, without abaſing himſelf to them, (this being an act of weakneſſe, that of *power*) In fine, he ſwels not with ſpeaking big, but is courteous and affable to all, holding courteſie ſo main an ornament of *Nobility*, as that *Nobleman* (he imagines) diſguiſes

guiſes but himſelf, and puts on *Peſants* cloathing, who is diſcourteous; above all he holds loyalty ſo eſſentiall to a *Nobleman*, as who proves diſloyall once (he imagines) not onely degrades himſelf, but even his *poſterity* of their *Nobility*.

CHARACTER,

Of an other.

HE is merry and facetious, diſpatching more buſineſs with *dallying* and *tryfling*, than others with all their *plodding* and *ſerioufneſs*; and his *grimaces* are worth all their ſupercilious *gravity*: he is your only univerſall *Courtier*, belov'd of all, and no wonder for he has kindred and alliance with every one, calling one *Father*, an other *Son*; one *Mother*, another *wife*; giving the younger the aged-er title ſtill; and the old the younger, to be more *facetious*, and endear himſelf the more: He has nothing in him of

Saturnin

Saturnin and *Tetricall*, but is all *pleaſant* and *jovialt*, wiping from *old age*, all the blemiſhes and imputations caſt upon't by *time*; and ſmoothing all the *wrinkles* of the mind, which commonly accompany the *wrinkles* of the *Face*; nature being ſo fearfull he ſhould ever grow wholly old: as it gives him a *youthfull* minde in an *aged Body* ſtill; ſo whileſt he enters *ſinging*, and goes out *dancing* in all companies where he comes, he chaſes *Melancholly* ſo far away, as it can never return ſo long as hee's in place.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a Naturall Beauty.

WHether a chearfull aire does riſe,
And elevate her fairer Eyes;
Or a penſive Heavineſſe:
Her lovely Eye-lids does depreſſe,
Still the ſame becoming Grace
Accompanyes her Eyes and Face;
Still you'de think that habit beſt,
In which her Count'nance laſt was dreſt.
Poore Beauties! whom a bluſh or glance
Can ſometimes make look faire by chance,
Or curious dreſſe, or artfull care,
Can make ſeem fairer than they are,
Give me the Eyes, give me the Face,
To which no Art can add a Grace:
Give me the looks, no garbe nor dreſſe,
Can ever make more faire or leſſe.

FINIS.

Of an Artificiall beauty.

AN *Artificial Beauty*, lives poorly by ſhifting and borrowing, whileſt your naturall one, is rich and lives on its own revenues: ſhe is a living Picture of her ſelf, of which ſhe is onely the *priming* cloath, or rather a *loame wall* plaiſtered and dawbed ore; for ſhe imploys the *Trowell* rather than *Pencill*, and her painting is ſo palpable, as if ſhe ſought not colour to hide it, but rather to publiſh it: She is always complaining now of a *cold*, now that ſhe ſleeps not well a nights, that you may impute her ill looks unto that accident: She is more troubled with her *mouches* or flyes, than a gald horſe in ſummer, now giving this a remove, now a dab with the finger, as if ſhe were killing that; and ever and annon her glaſſe gos out, to ſee if nothing needs reparation, it being ſo fragile a tenement, as the very ſun and aire decays it, whence ſhe is ſo fearfull of every breath, that we may well ſay of her, that her *colluſtation is againſt the ſpirits of the aire*: Mean time,

ſhe is as dexterous at the *Fan* as aButcher at the *Fly-flap*, or Fencer on my Lord *Mayors*-day, at the two handed ſword: &but imagine how aprehenſive ſhe muſt be of the fire of the other world, when ſhe apprehends ſo much the fire of this: to which ſhe dares not approach, nor ſo much as laugh for fear of warping her complexion, ſo it alters her humour, as well as her feature, and renders her ſo diffident of her ſelf, as ſhe is ſtill ſeeking out dark corners, to vent her falſe and counterfeit viſage, as *falſe coyners* and couſening *Tradeſmen* to put off their falſe money and counterfeit Merchandiſe: Shee having onely this advantage by it, that no ſhame can make her bluſh, nor ſickneſſe pale. If it be an advantage to become wholly ſhameleſſe, and have a face, any ſick bodys may be as fair as hers.

of

CHARACTER.

Of a Petty-Politick.

Petty-Policie, is onely *wiſdome* diſtemperd into *Craft*, and who uſe it may well be ſtil'd *crafty*, but never *wiſe*. Tis to Policy of State, as pedling to merchanding; or rather as Mous-traps and Tinder-boxes to *Archimedes* Glaſſes of fyring Navies, and *Cæſars* machins of expugning Towns; never great ſpirit uſed it, nor great action was done by it yet, and all the advantage it has, it rather ſteals than gains. It pieces not out the *Lyons skin* with the *Foxes* taile, but is all *Fox skin*, and even ſtincks again. It ever walks vizzarded, & you can never know its true Face, but may alwayes know that it is falſe: Like the *Gordian* knot it amuſes and puzzles you, and may be cut

far ſooner than untyed: Mean time who uſe it, may well be ſtil'd *Politiques In decimo ſexto*, and are to *State-politicians*, as Apes to men, more full of tricks and quirks than they, and nothing elſe; or like your leſſer Wheels, which ſeem to whirle faſter about than great ones, though their progreſſe be far leſſe; In fine, tis treachery in fight, perfidiouſnes in Love, couſenage in gaining, deceit in bargaining; and whoſoever uſes it in plain Engliſh is K*nave*, though the qualifying terms be a P*olitician*.

Of

Of a hom-bred Country-Gentleman.

HIs *Cloaths* are more gawdy than faſhionable, and his *Face* more out of faſhion than his cloaths: He knows not how to look in company, and is ſhame-face'd, and yet Impudent; either at arms end with you, or in your boſome preſently: and *ſpaniel*-like ſtroak him, and he leaps into your lap, if not, he ſnarls and offers to bite at you. His chiefeſt diſcourſe is of his *Hawks* and *Hounds*, and he will tell Ladies what a fine *Horſe* he has: He is never at ſo high a flow of talk, as after a *Horſe-race*, and then it ebs by degrees untill the next again: He drinks, and tis Gentleman like when he is drunk with *Wine*, but he's ſuch a *clown*, as he'le be drunk with *Beer*; when he fumes and vapours it moſt fearfully. For wenching tis the Innocent'ſt vice he has, for hee's too miſerable to go the charges of ſilk-gowns, and waſtecotiers for fear of *Trapanning* he dare not venture on:

Mean

Mean time, his man *John* and he have many a dry dialogue about his marriage, and he waits on Ladies with fear and trembling, at the horrible charges and expences they may put him too, being never willingly at more than a bottle of Ale or a pound of Cheries at a time; and for *Hide-Park*, *Spring-garden*, and the new *Exchange*, he abhers the very name of them, ſo unleſſe he have a good eſtate; tis long enough erre he get a *wife* in town, and if he have, twenty to one, but ſome *wife* at laſt gets him, whom he poſts down as ſoon as may be, preaches good Houſewifery unto her, has ſome new religion preached unto him, with which he edifies and gets children apace, and becomes a very *Cormudgion* in the Country.

CHARACTER.

Of a common Acquaintance.

HE wears out his boſome with embraſing every one, and dirties his palm with ſhaking them by the hand; like a *Spaniel* he fawns upon every one he meets, and will needs know you whether you will or no; he ſmiles on you, if you but look on him, and ſmile on him, and the acquaintance ſtrait is made: his familiarity like engins of great ſwinges claſps eaſily, but without much violence can't be unclaſpt again: He picks acquaintance out of every Face he has but ſeen *once* before, and cals every one he has but ſeen *twice* a *friend*; after which follows kindred and affinity (he having more Couzens than *Will Summers* had, and they are much as neer a kin, as *Pach* and he. In fine, his Plurality of acquaintance is but a *Seraglio*, or

wild Concubinage, whileſt your friend onely marries himſelf to one, and the Apetite of them is a diſeaſe in him, much like that of the *Wolf*, which makes him eat and ravine up every one, not knowing how of all ſurfeits that of Acquaintance is the worſt, and they make themſelves by it ſo common cheap, and contemptible, as any man thats wiſe, had as lieve be the hundreth man in an Intaile, as the fiftieth man in their acquaintances.

CHARACTER.

Of a young Envoy.

IF you would deceive him tell him *truth*, and believe what he ſayes If you would deceive your ſelf; for he thinks he has publique faith enough, without needing any particular of his own: He is as intoxicate with his inſtructions, as a *Scotch Presbyterian* with reading the *Apocalyps*, and makes miſts and miſteries of ſtate of every thing; he thinks he onely underſtands the politick *Wheels* within, whileſt the reſt like dull *Gazers* onely behold the *Dials hand* without, for want of experience to know, what to keep *ſecret* and what not, he makes a *ſecret* of every thing, and not to be *catcht*, lies ſtill upon the *catch:* ſo till he grow up to a greater State-engin: he is but a politique *Mouſe-trap* yet: at the receit of good news, he wearies out *himſelf* and *Horſes* with giving advice of it; but at bad he is huſht, and he and his

horſes

horſes reſt; onely his brain labours how to extinuate it; deny it, or turn the ill report upon the enemy, till the ſhame and and novelty be over, which quaintly done, he gets more reputation, by lying than ever any got by telling truth: So returns he at laſt with reputation of a great Miniſter making *Religion* ſerve to *State*, & *State* to all deſtructive purpoſes, when his ſalvation may well be diſpaired of, or finding his conduct of Affairs traduc'd at his return: In midſt of the diſgraces of *Fortune* and the *Court*, he may chance be ſav'd at laſt, and dye Repentant, with this ſaying, of *Wooiſey* in his mouth, *That had he ſerved God but half as faithfully as he did his Prince, he had never come to that.*

of

Of a degenerate Lord.

HE is a certain ſeely thing, who ſince he had no voice in *Parliament*, ſcarcely knows what to ſay: He has made the name of *Lord* a mock name now, and almoſt as ridiculous as that of *Lord* of miſrule was in antient times, and they ſhun him as they do, *Lord have mercy upon us*, upon doores; and that deſervedly; for he has brought a plague upon himſelf, in imagining he ſhould be any thing, whileſt they were nothing, who made him all he is. As if the *ſtars* ſhould conſpire to deprive the *Sun* of light, or *ſtreams* to dry up the *fountain*, whence they flow'd; when who would pitty them to ſee every farthing Candle, or *Glow-worm* out ſhine the one, and tothers ſwoln greatneſs at ſo low an *ebb*, as thoſe boldly ſtride over it now, who before even trembled at the approach of it: Mean time he ſneaks in his Title, like one in a ſtoln cloak, afraid to be ſeen in it: and none takes notice of him now, unleſſe

unleſſe ſome one in ſcorn perhaps points at him, and ſayes, *there goes a Lord*, or joſtles him a purpoſe, who was wont in former times like *Mandarinus*, to make whole ſtreets retyre to give him way: All the priviledge of ſuch *Peers* as theſe, being onely to have every baſe fellow without commiſſion ſearch their houſe, every *Tradeſman* cite them before their worſhips at next ſhire Town, and the common Serjeant drag them away to priſon, where they are honorably lodg'd in the *Dungeon*, whileſt every *Rug-gown* and *Apron-man*, has priviledge to be Coacht thither, and lodg'd in the *Rules* or *Maſter-ſides*: and this fine prerogative they have got, would needs pluck down the *King*, (forſooth) onely to be promoted to the *Kings Bench* themſelves.

CHARACTER.

Of a high-ſpirited man.

His minde is a thought higher than any other mans, and has influence even on his *Body*, and elevates that with all; whence he walks on Terraſſes, rather than on the ground, and ſhould more ſcorn to be ſeen in *plebean* company, than in *plebean* cloathing; nor can any look ſo high, but he'el borrow *Galileas* optique, or he'el look as high as they; and a look, a ſquint is a *faſcination*, makes him look a ſquint as far the other way: he is like a glaſſe that renders every one, the ſame countenance as they give him, and except *God* and his Prince, can ſoveraignly diſpoſe of ſoul and body, he cares for offending none, who firſt offendeth him. He is more angry with himſelf than you when you anſwer not his ſalutation, and next time he meets ye be ſure he'le not anſwer yours: being

ing as impatient when you undervalue him, as a proud City Dame, when you underbid her ware: and ſooner ſtir'd up to diſdain by a neglect than any *cholerick* man to anger by offence; ſo tis hard putting an affront on him, but they ſhal ſeem to have received one who offered it: yet he's more ſingular than proud, and though he knows his degrees of perſons, knows himſelf ſo well withall, as he will converſe with no ſubject but on equall terms, counts none greater that has a leſſer minde than he: Loves *Nobility* not for their Titles, but their perſons, and can onely ſmile on Princes; As for the reſt, he is civill and courteous, and that is all.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a Proud one

SHe has as much in her of the Antient Counteſhip as would have ſerved ſix of Queen *Elizabeths* Counteſſes, with their Coach-men and Foot-men bare, their Cup-bearer, ſerving them on the Knee, and women waiting about their Canopy of State: Yet is ſhe nor *Counteſſe*, nor *Lady* neither; but onely of *pleaſure*, and at *courteſie* of the Country: She looks high and ſpeaks in a majeſtique Tone, like one playing the *Queens* part at the *Bull*, and is ready to ſay, *Bleſſe ye my good people all*, as often as ſhe paſſes by any company; though ſhe ſtirs no more when they do her *Reverence* than than if ſhe had wiſh't, *would I might never ſtir*, and t'were a curſe laid on her; ſhe *paints* to hide her *Age*, and to hide her *painting* dares not laugh, whence ſhe has two counterfeit *vizzards* to put off a nights

nights; her *painting* and *modeſty*, when ſhe lies with her own *face*, though not with her own *Husband*: Mean time, her *froid mine* or ſtately demeanour, is variouſly cenſured, ſome ſaying tis for want of *wit*, others that ſhe ſpends ſo many ſpirits a *nights*, It makes her the more dull *a dayes*: ſome that ſhe's founding an *Order* of undiſparaged *Concubines*, and tis the modeſt *habit* they are to be cloathed in: others again, that ſhee's like your *tradſe-women*, who when they have cuſtome enough, are proud and diſdainfull, and muſt be ſued too for their Ware: whileſt thoſe who want it are forc'd to ſue to you. In fine, all accord in this, that ſhe is more *coy* than becomes any honeſt woman, and all ſhee's like to get, by her *pride* and *ſtatelineſſe*, is that whenſoever there is a Parliament of *courteſans*, ſhe ſhould not be for the *Commons*, but the Houſe of *Lords*.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a low ſpirited man.

HE is low born, and never ſeeks to raiſe himſelf higher than his birth; nor is this *content* or *humility* in him, but *ſloath* and *baſenes*: his *ſoul* lives in a *cellar*; and all his words and actions, even to his very apparell ſavours of under breeding. The ſenſibleſt diſpleaſure you can do him is to his Body; and he is more troubled at loſſe of money, than reputation: he ſlinks in company, and playes at *Boe peep* behinde the reſt, being ſuch a friend of *obſcurity*; as you cannot do him a greater diſpleaſure, than to take notice of him in company: Like the ſenſible tree he contracts and ſhrinks up himſelf at every little touch, and look on him; and you daunt him, and ſtrike his eys inward ſtrait; and his words congeale in his mouth through fear, and want breath ſtill to finiſh a period: his

language too is as low as the reſt; whileſt he cals a *valiant man* a *kill-cow*, a *jeſt*, a *frump*, and urge him to make haſt, and he will tell ye, he is none of the *Haſtings's*: for the reſt, he ſpeaks of every thing in the ſuperlative, ſhewing the littleneſſe of his minde, by counting all thing ſo great: ſo lives he, thinking, ſaying, and doing nothing, but mean things, in mean company and mean condition all his life, having neither *virtue* nor *vice* enough to raiſe himſelf above the common ſort; whence where you left him at his *birth*, there you finde him at his *death*, without making any progreſſe in the world at all: ſo many years having rather paſt over him, than he paſt over ſo many years, being onely able to render this accompt, when he comes to die, that he was juſt as long a dying as he did live.

CHARACTER.

Of a petty French *Luteniſt in* England.

HE is a fellow who coms into *England* with an ill *meen*, and thred-bare cloaths, and there preſently ſets up a Court of Judicature, arraigning both Muſick, Inſtruments, and Muſicians, for not being *a la mode de France*; the twelve Ranks of ſtrings oth' Lute, the double neck, the leſſons, the method of playing, and almoſt the hands too, for not being *mangy* about the wriſts like his: he belies great maſters; and teaches but his own imperfections: And if his fingers be ſo weak, they can ſcarce crawle o're a Lute, then to play gently and ſoftly is the *mode*, and *doucement* is the word: and if ſo gouty and child-blaind, as he rakes the ſtrings worſe than if they were grated on by a ragged ſtaff: then *fort* and *Gallyard* is the word, and ſtrong and luſty is the *mode* agen; and if you like not his play, he tels ye at leaſt, that he has the only new method of *Paris*, and that he teaches a *ravir* and *non pareille*, and for

his leſſons (which he has rakt out of *Gualtiers* dung-hill, or collected from the privy-houſe of *Defaut*) he keeps them as precious reliques, giving ſuch out for new, as were made before the *Avignon*, or the *Popes* coming there: He is fawning where he is a ſtranger, and ſaucy where he is familiar, having ever ſome vice to teach beſides his art: In fine, he is the *Mountebank* of himſelf, and though he have nothing at all conſiderable to commend him, beſides his own praiſes, and his being *French* (for which reaſon one may commend the *Pox* as well) yet there is ſuch a charm in this word, *a la mode*, and the Engliſh are ſo beſotted with it, as the firſt *Frenchman* has their money, who proffers to teach it them; nor will this ever be remedied, till ſome ſuch zealous patriot ſtep up, as he who hearing them talk of the *French* *Pox*, bid them call it the *Engliſh* with a pox, ſwearing we had as good of our own, as the *French* had any.

of

CHARACTER.

Of a Flatterer.

HE is a mid ſort of Animal betwixt *man* and *beaſt*; with the manners of *beaſt*, under the reſemblance of a *man*: nay he is a compound of all baſe vilde *beaſts* together, a *Dog* in fawning, an *Ape* in imitating, a *Fox* in faining and diſſembling, and an *Aſſe* in ſuffering and bearing every thing: He is ſo baſe as he makes not only ſervitude his daily food, but even the ordures of thoſe he ſerves: and is worſe than thoſe who ſell themſelves unto the Gally's, for they yet perform the offices of men, and have their minds free though their Bodies thrale: but he inſlaves both mind and body too; and can neither look with the *aſſurance*, nor ſpeak with the *confidence* of a Free-born man: making a vilder merchandiſe the whileſt, then he who ſold *Urine*, or the *pallace ſmoak*, for he for ſlight bene-

fits

fits ſels his own Injuries, & to live a ſlave ſells the dignity of an honeſt man; neither do they make better merchandiſe, who purchaſe him, who whilſt he ſooths their humours, corrupts their manners, and flatters them into *vice*: being ſo infectious, as even to render thoſe he flatters Archflatterers of themſelvs, with his vild arts like thoſe who Angle with intoxicating baits, catching them ſooner (tis true) but rendring them nothing worth when they are taught: we may conclude then the prayer of him who of all *wilde beaſts deſired to be delivered from a Tyrant, and of all tame, from a Flatterer*, with this curſe on the *Flatterer*, that he may never live but under tyrants, it being but juſt, that they ſhould ſuffer the pain and penalty of their being ſuch, who make them ſo.

CHARACTER.

Of a faire and virtuous Lady.

SHe is the honour of her *ſex* and that to *beauty*, as *beauty* is to others all *grace* and *ornament*, her *virtue* like a charm rendering her *beauty* invulnerable againſt malicious tongues; and that which in others is *fragile* and of *glaſſe*, ſo *malleable* in her as it can neither be *broke* nor *crackt*, whence ſhe onely has priviledge freely to dreſſe her ſelf, without ſuſpition of harm; and enjoy all lawfull pleaſures without danger of unlawfull ones; whilſt all is ſuſpicious and dangerous in others: to conclude then, as antiently your *ſemi gods* in marrying with mortals communicated to them their divinity, ſo her *beauty* by the marriage of ſacred *virtue* is conſecrate and rendred all *celeſtiall* and *divine*; thoſe titles which others incuriouſly uſurp, onely of right appertaining unto her, who becomes more venerable by *age* and *imortall* by *death* it ſelf, her *virtue* having raiſed her above *time* and *mortallity*.

Of

CHARACTER.

Of a quarrelſome Coxcomb.

HE differs as much from a valiant man, as a wrangling *ſophiſter* from a great *Schollar*, or *dull rumbling* thunder in a cloud, from your *quick* on, that breaketh forth in ſtorms; he is ready to give you the lye before you ſpeak, and then contradicts you what ſo ere you ſay, when to avoid fighting, he tells you how often he has fought, and how many he has kil'd, and ſome believe him, becauſe indeed they could never ſee any alive, whom he had fought withall, though others are of a contrary opinion, ſaying, of all men living, they would chooſe to be *kil'ld* by him, for ſo they ſhould be ſure to be ſtill *alive*: He ſpeaks all *Sword, Rapier*, & *Poynard*, & underſtands nothing but *Cudgell* and *Baſtinado*, which he ſo richly merits, as beſides *Canes* none but would rather want *wood* to burn, than for ſo

ſo neceſſary uſe as beating him, when he is quite ſtrait, for though he be his *Angers* ſlave, *Fear* maſters it: and tis juſt like a *Nettle*, handle it gently and it pricks you, but roughly and you break the point of it, after which, as before he was the fools valiant man, he becomes the valiant mans fool, and by degrees every ones, when once they find him out; yet retains he ſomewhat of his former nature ſtill, a dull *grumbling* and *wrangling*, (that is, half *quarrelling*) which makes him when he is offended in any company, go muttering away, ſaying, *He cares no more for them than they care for him*: which if ſo, he is the happieſt man alive, for I know none lives freer from *care* than he.

CHARACTER.

Of a Complementer.

YOur *Complementer* is a *French* family, that came not in with the *Conqueſt*, but the *corruption* of *England*, unknown unto our honeſt Anceſtors, who did as they ſaid, and ſpoke as they meant; he is the rack of *converſation*, and ſets every ones joints a ſtretching: And in *France* he derives his pedegree from an *accomply menteur* or an *accompliſht lyer*: for *complement* is worſe than *equivocation*, ſince that has alwayes ſome mentall reſervation or lurking hole for *truth*, but this has none. Tis the language of *Hyperboly*, and ſometimes of *Irony*; tis the language of the *Court*, where *meaning* walks for pomp and ſhew, with a long train of words; and that the *Courtier* uſes, to *bob* of ſuiters, or *bob* for thoſe they are ſuiters too: In a word, tis the language of the *Idle* for to delight the *vain*, and but

a ſpeaking *ceremony*, as *ceremony* is but a dumb *complement*; whence our new reformers hate it ſo much perhaps, as they have chang'd the ſtile into as much defect of Civility, as tother was in the exceſſe, they being faln now upon ſuch a vain of *clowniſhneſs* (or I may ſay) not *bluntneſſe*, but *churliſhneſſe*, not of plain *dealing*, but of plain *diviniſhneſs*, as if they hold on as they begin, pray *God* we do not wiſh for our complimenting dayes again, as far the better extremity of the two.

---

of

CHARACTER.

Of a young Enamouriſt.

He's one who as ſoon as he has quited his School-boyes *Toyes*, next *Toy* he gets is a *Mrs* when t'would make you forſwear *Love* to ſee how ridiculouſly he makes it, and to hear him talk of *Gods* and *Goddeſſes*, you would take him for ſome Pagan never converted to *Chriſtianity*. There is nothing ſo *cold* as to hear him talk of Flames, nor ſo *dull* as his diſcourſing of *Cupids* darts, and to hear him *ſigh* like a dry *Pump*, or broken *winded bellows*; you would neer wonder at *Lapland Witches* affording winds ſo cheap. Of all ſervants he is the neceſſarieſt and eaſieſt to content and feed, for he is his Mrs. *Squire*, *Diſpenſer*, *Laquey* or *Meſſenger*, but above all her *Fool*, to which he is bound, by the proverb; *Tis impoſſible to love and to be wiſe*: Mean time, you may feed him cheaper than a *Chamelion*, for

a

a good look ſerves him a week at leaſt, and he is prouder of holding his Mrs. *Buſque* or *Fan*, than a *School Boy* with a Scepter in his hand, playing the *Emperors* part ith School; to keep him to which, his Mrs. lets him know that tis with *Love* as tis with *War*, which once declared you are to expect nothing but *Hoſtility*; and knows her ſelf, that tis with Lovers as tis with *Anglers*, who feed the Fiſh ere they are caught, but caught once feed on them: Whence ſhe bites not greedily at the bait, but craftily tolls him on with *hopes*, & like *Rope makers* gos backwards ſtill, the better to advance her work, and draw him on, mean while he follows her ſo long, till either he wax weary and ceaſes his perſuit, or catches her tripping, and then fals down on her, when faſtening her in the marriage nooz, he carries her away, and either turns kind *Cuckold*, and keeps open houſe for all, or jealous *Coxcomb* and ſhuts his doores againſt every one.

Catologue.

1 Of a Lady of Excellent converſation, 1.
2 Of one that is the foyle of Good converſation, 2.
3 Of an Excellent Companion, 6.
4 Of one that Zanys the good Companion, 8.
5 Of one that Imitates the good Companion another way, 10.
6 Of an Irreſolute Perſon, 12.
7 Of a Fantaſtique Lady, 14.
8 Of a Green-ſickneſs Girle, 16.
9 Of a Talkative Lady, 16.
10 Of a Taciturn Perſon, 20.
11 Of a Dutch Waggoner, 22.
12 Of a huge over-valuer of himſelf, 24.
13 Of an ordinary French Laquey, 26.
14 Of a Suſpicious Perſon, 28.
15 Of Raillerie, 30.
16 Of one who troubles her ſelf with every thing, 32.

17 *Of one who troubles himself with nothing*, 34.
18 *Of a Chamber-maid*, 38.
19 *Of a Noblemans Chaplaine*, 40.
20 *Of an Impertinent Governant*, 42.
21 *Of a School of young Gentlewomen*, 44.
22 *Of a Novice*, 46.
23 *Of a Fille devote*, 49.
29 *Of an Inimitable Widdow*, 51.
25 *Of a more Imitable Widdow*, 53.
26 *Of a Fift Monarchy man*, 55
28 *Of an Importunate visitant*, 57.
29 *Of a French dauncing Master in* England, 59.
30 *Of your Town talkers*, 61.
31 *Of a horrible wicked and deboished person*, 63.
32 *Of a Valiant man*, 65.
33 *Of an all-admirable Person*, 65.
34. *Of a Gallant warriour*, 68.
35 *Of a miserable old Gentlewoman*, 70.
36 *Of a Ladies little Dogg*, 72.
37 *Of your Ladies Colonel* 74
38. *Of a School Boy*. 76
39. *Of one that shall be namelesse*, 78
40. *Of a pretty sweet Innocence*, 80
41. *Of a scrupulous Honour*, 82

42. Of a Fleerer. 84
43. Of a make-bate. 86
44. Du Tour à la mode 88
45. Of a changable Diſpoſition, 90
46. Of a Phyſitian 92
47. Of the Authors Idea or of a character 94
48. Of a dull Fellow 96
49. Of a bold abuſive wit 98
50. Of a troubleſome kindneſſe 100
51. Of a Janſeniſt 103
52. Of a certain Nobleman 104
53. Of another 106
54. Of a Natural Beauty 105
55. Of a Artificial Beauty 107
56. Of a petty Politique 109
57. Of a hombred Country Gentleman 111
58. Of a common Acquaintance 113
59. Of a young Envoy 115
60. Of a degenerate Lord. 117
61. Of a high ſpirited man 119
62. Of a Proud one. 121
63. Of a low ſpirited man 123
64. Of a petty French Luteniſt 125
65. Of a Flatterer 127
66. Of a faire and virtuous Lady. 129
67. Of a quarrelſome Coxcombe 130
68. Of a Complementer. 132
69. Of a young Enamoriſt. 134

Finis.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION